Sports Illustrated

APRIL 26, 1965 35 CENTS

HEAVYWEIGHT CHALLENGER
SONNY LISTON



®



With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the **No. 1** reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N.Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof

Progress.

The funny-looking vehicle on the right is what station wagons looked like in 1920.

This one sat 12 people comfortably, had 11 huge windows, and walk-in doors.

The box shape held 174 cubic feet. (About twice as much as most modern wagons.)

And the wheel base was only 97 inches, so you could park it in small spots.

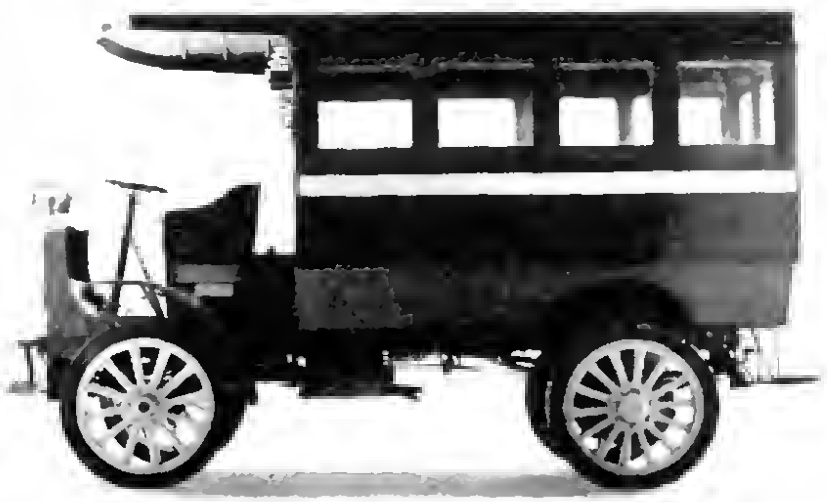
It was a sensible machine, too bad somebody didn't quit while they were ahead.

The object below is what station wagons look like today.

Most of them only hold about half the people and load of the old timer.

They take a lot of room to park, and a lot of gas to run.

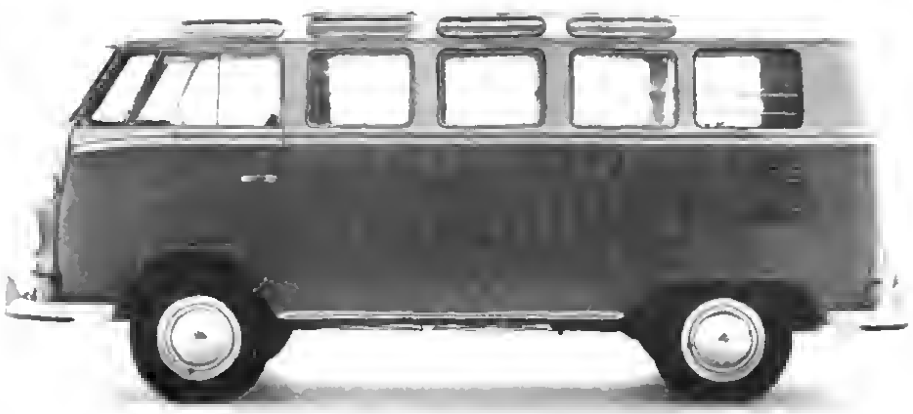
But then you get lots of shiny chrome and sculptured lines to polish.



The first box held an even dozen.



They should've quit while they were ahead.



Where do you go from here?

The funny looking [illegible] is a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

It seats 9 people [illegible] has 21 windows, and 4 doors.

The box shape holds 170 cubic feet. (About twice the [illegible] regular wagons.)

And the wheel base is only 94.5 inches, so it parks in small spots.

We've improved everything on the Volkswagen from the engine to the turn signals.

But it still looks almost the same.

(Sometimes you make progress by standing perfectly still.)

The fuzzy facts about tennis balls



fuzzy

The Wilson Championship is America's No. 1 tournament tennis ball. (It was the official ball for the 1964 Davis Cup finals.) No other ball gives you the same lively, consistent performance on any court surface. Slam it and see for yourself.



fuzzier

The Wilson Extra Duty Championship ball is made for play on concrete, asphalt and other hard surface courts. It lasts longer than other tennis balls because it's fuzzier. Smack it and see. Chances are you'll wear down before it does.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co Inc)

Contents

APRIL 26, 1965 *Volume 22, No. 17*

Cover painting by Frank Mullins

24 Leave Us Eddie Mattress

Thus da Milwaukee fans plead for their last favorite as the Atlanta-bound Braves start a lame-duck year

26 The Gallery Had Me Grinning

Jack Nicklaus tells his own story of his tremendous Masters triumph, and discloses how he changed his game to win

30 The Play That Won the Title

Exclusive pictures show the last five seconds of the final game between the Celtics and the 76ers

32 Sonny Smiles for the Movies

The great scowl dissolves sometimes and on the Hollywood set of "Harlow" Liston got a lot of laughs

40 Horses, Roses, Groaning Boards

The parties that fill Derby Week brighten six pages of color photographs and are described by Liz Smith

52 A Morley View of Sport

The famous British actor tells why he believes games of chance are the only proper sporting occupations

64 From Witless Bay to Erewhon

Fishing for cod in Newfoundland's chill waters can be a numbing experience—but a rewarding one

96 Swing Now, Madam!

An imperfect golfer living in a computerized tomorrow is provoked into challenging a robot pro

The departments

17 Scorecard
71 Dogs
78 Golf
81 Conservation
87 Horse Racing
117 For the Record
118 19th Hole



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. and Canadian subscriptions $7.50 a year. This issue published in national and separate editions. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: eastern, E1-E12; midwestern, M1-M4; extended southern, M1-M4; western, W1-W8; Los Angeles metropolitan, W1-W8, T1-T2.

Credits on page 117

Next week

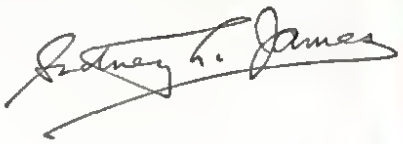
THE KENTUCKY DERBY preview features color pictures of the outstanding contenders, along with Whitney Tower's last-minute analysis of their condition at Churchill Downs.

THE CONFUSING YANKEES are torn by dissension, happy as clams, sure to lose at last, a cinch to win once again. Jack Mann visits the team and gives his view of the situation.

DR HERBERT R. AXELROD—adventurer, publisher, linguist, all-round genius—has made his fortune in tropical fish. Robert Boyle gives us a report on the doctor's strange ways.

© 1965 BY TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION WITHOUT PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



The first Saturday in May at Churchill Downs is not merely the day of the Derby; it is also the climax of all the amiable Kentucky hospitality that traditionally precedes the race—the luncheons, balls, Derby Eve dinners and Derby Day breakfasts that fill Derby Week in Louisville with glamor and charm. Liz Smith, in a report that starts on page 40, has documented the lighthearted ingredients that contribute to the amusement, confusion and excitement of Derby Week. The accompanying photographs by Richard Meek parade that magnificent setting of white-pillared houses, flowering trees, quiet gardens and broad lawns that sometimes make it seem Kentucky was specially designed as a place where parties should be held.

Not that Kentucky has a monopoly on fine places for social events that take their theme from sports events. At Warrenton, Va. around this time of year the rolling hills are a tranquil green, and the members of the Warrenton Hunt are preparing for the heady round of entertainment that goes with the annual running of the Virginia Gold Cup, traditionally held on the same day as the Kentucky Derby. (Traditionally, too, the crowd of 10,000 or so takes time off from the timber race to listen to the Derby results.) The most fashionable hunt race of them all, the Maryland Hunt Cup, credited with being the oldest and toughest timber race in the U.S., comes along when spring has advanced north of Baltimore, and the seclusion of Worthington Valley provides a superb setting for the entertainments that go with the race.

In the course of covering sports our writers have accumulated a good deal of experience at these peripheral social events. When Gil Rogin sailed from San Pedro to Hawaii on one of the boats in the Trans-Pacific Race the social life began before the start, with a party for the crews of some 40 boats at the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena; and parties began in Hawaii as soon as Diamond Head was sighted. Since each boat's sponsor was host to another party for his crew as soon as it arrived, and the boats came in two or three days apart, Rogin found himself caroming from one gathering to another.

Patricia Ryan has discovered a holdover of genuine rustic charm at the parties around the classic harness races: before the Little Brown Jug at Delaware, Ohio, there are picnics in the apple orchard beside the track, with sturdy country food like fried chicken and potato salad washed down with bourbon; The Hambletonian at DuQuoin, Ill. has an annual garden-and-rumpus-room party before the race, given by Don Hayes and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Leah Hayes, who have twin mansions right on the fairgrounds.

Writers in other departments have equally fine pickings. Our football people have come upon the same menus of fried chicken and potato salad—with the bourbon discreetly flasked—in stadium parking lots from Baton Rouge to West Point, as well as at forthright Ivy League tailgate parties (martinis preferred). All New Year's Day bowl games, live or on TV, begin with either waking-up or hangover parties. Bing Crosby is the master of ceremonies at the party that always winds up the Crosby Pro-Am; the magnificent Firestone picnic is an annual feature of the Indianapolis 500; Tennis Week occurs amid the ceaseless summer parties at Newport, and the yacht-and-mansion festivities there during the America's Cup are historically splendid affairs. As Liz Smith makes clear, the parties come about because of the sporting events, not the other way around. And as they flourish, they enhance the pleasure of the events and become part of them, making them of journalistic (as well as personal) interest.

Sports Illustrated ®

Editor-in-chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James A. Linen
Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Griffith

Editorial Chairman: Henry R. Luce
Chairman, Executive Committee: Roy E. Larsen

Managing Editor: Andre Laguerre
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Roy Terrell

Art Director: Richard Gangel

Senior Editors: Walter Bingham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur L. Brawley, Robert Cantwell, Ray Cave, Robert Creamer, Andrew Crichton, Roger S. Hewlett, Gerald Holland, Martin Kane, Hamilton B. Maula, Jack Olsen, Coles Phinizy, Kenneth Rudeen, Fred R. Smith, Jeremiah Tax, Whitney Tower, Alfred Wright

Associate Editors: Gwilym S. Brown, Joseph Carroll, Lee Ettington, Dan Jenkins, William Leggett, Bob Ottum, Gilbert Rogin, Edwin Shrake, John Underwood, M. R. Werner, Les Woodcock

Staff Writers: Tom C. Brody, Frank Deford, Alice Higgins, Mervin Hyman, Joe Jares, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kram, Barbara La Fontaine, Rex Lardner, John Lovesey, Jack Mann, Harold Peterson, Liz Smith, Hugh D. Whall

Photography: PICTURE EDITOR, John M. Stebbins; DEPUTY, George J. Bloodgood; ASSISTANTS, Betty Dick, Dorothy Metz; CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS, Phil Bath, Jerry Cooke, James Drake, Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer, Richard Meek, Marvin E. Newman, Herb Scharfman, Brian Seed, Art Shay, Tony Triolo

Writer-Reporters: CHIEF, Honor Fitzpatrick, Duncan Barnes, Jule Campbell, Peggy Downey, Gay Flood, Mary Ann Gould, Mary Jane Hodges, Pamela Knight, Patricia Ryan, Morton Sharnik, Paul R. Stewart, Herman Weiskopf, Nancy Williamson

Reporters: Mary Snow, Julia Lamb, Felicia Lee, Torbert MacDonald, Rose Mary Mechem, Judy Murphy, Paula Phelps, Sarah Pileggi, Gary Ronberg, Lynn Simross

Special Contributors: Charles Goren (*Cards*), Carleton Mitchell (*Yachting*), John O'Reilly (*Nature*), William F. Talbert (*Tennis*)

Production: Gene W. Ulrich (*Manager*), William Gallagher, Francis A. Sullivan; COPY DESK, Beatrice Gottlieb (*Chief*), Jo Jac Bladworth, Betty DeMeester, Geraldine Simmons, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Maureen Harris

Art Department: Harvey Grut, Martin Nathan (*Assistant Directors*); William Bernstein, Brendan F. Mulvey, Catherine Smolich, Thomas Vanderschmidt

Editorial Assistants: Jean Lockhart, Theodore Stephney

Special Correspondents: CHIEF, Earl Burton; ASSISTANT, Eleanore Milosovic; *Albuquerque*, Arch Napier; *Atlanta*, Jim Minter, *Austin* (*Texas*), Jimmy Banks; *Baltimore*, Walter Ward; *Baton Rouge*, Dan Hardesty; *Bellingham* (*Wash.*), Dolly Connelly; *Boston*, Leo Monahan; *Buffalo*, Dick Johnston; *Carson City* (*Nev.*), Guy Shipler Jr.; *Charleston* (*S.C.*), Warren Koon; *Charlotte* (*N.C.*), Ronald Green; *Charlottesville* (*Va.*), Chris Cramer; *Chicago*, William Furlong; *Cincinnati*, Jim Schottelkotte; *Cleveland*, Charles Heaton; *Columbus* (*Ohio*), Kaye Kessler; *Dallas, Fort Worth*, Wes Wise; *Denver*, Bob Bowie; *Des Moines*, Bill Bryson; *Detroit*, Pete Waldmeir; *Greensboro* (*N.C.*), Smith Barrier; *Harrisburg* (*Pa.*), John P. Cowan; *Houston*, Jack Gallagher; *Indianapolis*, George Moore; *Jacksonville*, Bill Kastelz; *Kansas City*, Theodore O'Leary; *Key West* (*Fla.*), H. E. Day; *Las Vegas* (*Nev.*), George King; *Lexington* (*Ky.*), Larry Van Hoose; *Little Rock* (*Ark.*), Orville Henry; *Los Angeles*, Jack Tobin; *Louisville*, Larry Boeck; *Memphis*, Charles Gillespie; *Miami*, Edwin Pope; *Minneapolis*, Dick Gordon; *Nashville*, George Barker; *New Orleans*, Peter Finney; *Oklahoma City*, Bob Dellinger; *Omaha*, Hollis Limprecht; *Philadelphia*, Gene Moore; *Phoenix* (*Ariz.*), Frank Gianelli; *Pittsburgh*, Eddie Beachler; *Portland* (*Ore.*), John White; *Providence*, John Hanlon; *San Antonio*, John Janes; *San Diego*, Al Couppee; *San Francisco*, Art Rosenbaum; *Seattle*, Emmett Watson, *South Bend* (*Ind.*), Joe Doyle; *St. Louis*, Bob Morrison; *St. Petersburg* (*Fla.*), Gordon Marston; *Syracuse* (*N.Y.*), William Clark; *Tallahassee* (*Fla.*), Bill McGrotha; *Waco* (*Texas*), Dave Campbell; *Washington, D.C.*, Martie Zad; *Winston-Salem* (*N.C.*), Mal Mallette

Canada: *Montreal*, Arthur Siegel; *Ottawa*, Gordon Dewar; *Toronto*, Rex MacLeod; *Vancouver*, Eric Whitehead

Foreign Bureaus: CHIEF, Richard M. Clurman; DEPUTY, John Boyle

Publisher: Sidney L. James
Associate Publisher: Garry Valk
Advertising Sales Director: Robert C. Brinker
Circulation Director: Robert E. Cowin

SHOPWALK

Some hints for showing grace under pressure when told to go fly a kite

According to legend, Archytas the Greek philosopher, a contemporary of Socrates, was the world's first kite flyer, but actually, kites have been in use among Asiatic peoples for centuries. The ancient Chinese, who flew kites more than two thousand years ago, used them as signaling devices, the Polynesians for fishing. Every high school dropout knows that Ben Franklin sent up a kite during a thunderstorm in 1752 to prove that lightning is electricity, and that Marconi used a kite with a long radio antenna attached to receive the first wireless message ever flashed across the Atlantic.

In China the ninth day of the ninth month is Kites' Day, in Japan villages compete against each other with kites that are often so large they require several men to launch them, and in India kite fighting is a favorite sport, which requires great maneuvering skill in order to cut the string of an opponent's kite.

A good selection of Oriental kites can be found at Takusan Imports, 21-B Mott Street, New York City. One of the most delightful designs is the dragonfly, made in Formosa of blue and green rice paper, which comes unassembled in five pieces. When airborne, the eyes twirl and reflect the sunlight. It costs $4. There is also a wide variety of Thai handmade and hand-painted rice-paper kites. A ferocious owl that flies very well because it is keel-guided costs $3. Other designs in this group make up a fantastic zoo, a bat, a snake and a fish. Takusan also carries authentic Indian fighter kites. They are square with a triangular attached tail and are handmade of three colors of specially produced tissue paper. These Indian kites require no running with the string, just a light steady breeze, like any other kite, but they are quite tricky to launch. The cutting string is made by coating 150–200 feet of string with glue mixed with powdered glass. A set of four assorted colors and sizes of fighter kites costs $3. Prices do not include postage.

The newest kite on the market is the American Blackhawk designed by an aeronautical engineer and covered by patents for its unique aerodynamic balance. Several Blackhawks, if spaced apart on the same line, can be flown at the same time. The Airplane Kite Co., Box 2182, Roswell, N. Mex., will fill mail orders at $3 each postpaid. The Alan-Whitney Co., Box 447, New Haven, Conn., sells the Space-Bird made of red, yellow and black tearproof acetate cloth. The Space-Bird comes with a 48-inch wingspan for $4 and a 66-inch wingspan for $7. Both are postpaid and come complete with cord.

—Felicia Lee



Just 15 minutes of vigorous activity

Just 15 minutes of vigorous activity—during a daily physical education period—can improve the physical fitness of our nation's youth. One third of our children lack the strength and endurance to pass simple physical achievement tests! Your child—if he's as inactive as most youngsters nowadays—may be among them. That's why you should know as much about the physical education program in your child's school as you know about its academic program. Precisely how much time is given to physical education daily? Precisely what kind of activity does it include? Unfortunately, in too many schools, physical education programs are geared to the development of athletically-gifted students. Consequently, those who are not inclined to participate in team or competitive sports, do not get the physical conditioning they need. Find out if there's sufficient emphasis on this important phase of your child's education. And to help you evaluate the fitness program in your school, write for the free booklet offered by The President's Council on Physical Fitness, Washington 25, D. C.



ADVERTISING COUNCIL PUBLIC SERVICE

"Since when do you drink Bourbon?"



"Since I tasted Jim Beam"

170th BIRTHDAY

Understandable.
The taste of Jim Beam is distinctive. Light, mild . . . also straightforward and honest.
The smooth, fine taste of Jim Beam Kentucky Straight Bourbon always comes through.

FOR SIX GENERATIONS (170 YEARS), ONE FAMILY....ONE FORMULA....ONE PURPOSE.
THE WORLD'S FINEST BOURBON SINCE 1795.



©JBCo

86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B BEAM DISTILLING CO CLERMONT BEAM KENTUCKY



Go ahead ! Give yourself a treat ! Ride a new Schwinn . . it's a thrill you can enjoy again and again; and a great way to stay in shape. Try one of tha new models at your nearby Franchised Schwinn Dealer. 10 speed sport bikes, tandems, track and road bikes, and the bikes with the sports car look—The Schwinn Sting-Ray.® But no matter which one you ride—you'll discover an unhurried world filled with life, gaiety and just plain fun . . . you'll wonder why you waited so long

Men's Schwinn 10 Speed Super Sport $96.50*

Ladies' 10 Spaed Varsity Tourist $66.95*

*Suggested Prices Slightly Higher West and South

ARNOLD Schwinn & COMPANY

1856 North Kostner Chicego, Illinois 60639

Get away from it all.

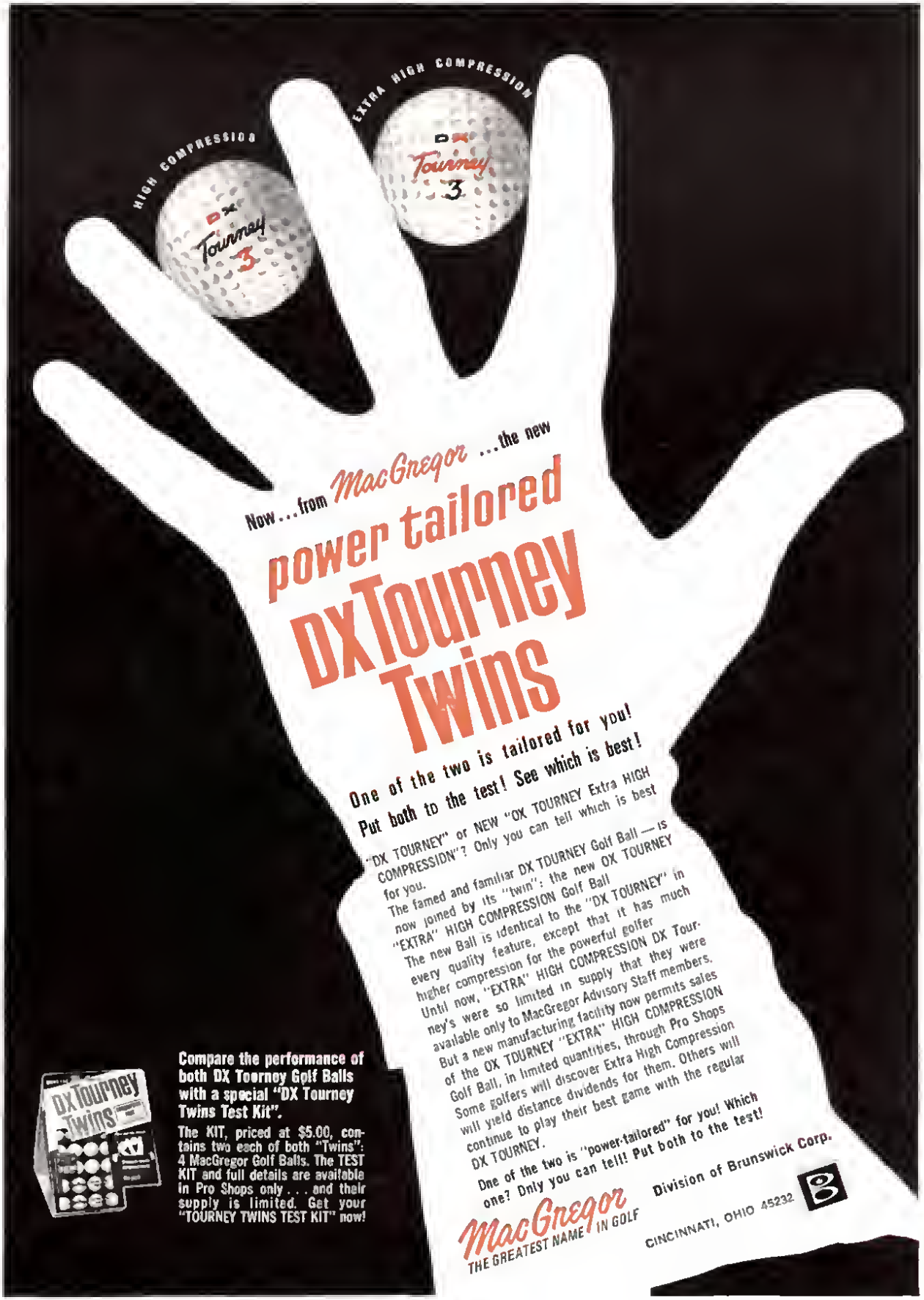




Take to the road in the smartest shirt that ever came down the pike. One of spring's great new fashion fabrics for men from Dan River. Wash and wear, of course. Wrinkl-Shed with Dri-Don®.

Dan River

All fabrics dyed and woven in the U.S.A. by Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Virginia



Now... from *MacGregor* ...the new

power tailored DX Tourney Twins

One of the two is tailored for you!
Put both to the test! See which is best!

"DX TOURNEY" or NEW "DX TOURNEY Extra HIGH COMPRESSION"? Only you can tell which is best for you.

The famed and familiar DX TOURNEY Golf Ball — is now joined by its "twin": the new DX TOURNEY "EXTRA" HIGH COMPRESSION Golf Ball

The new Ball is identical to the "DX TOURNEY" in every quality feature, except that it has much higher compression for the powerful golfer

Until now, "EXTRA" HIGH COMPRESSION DX Tourney's were so limited in supply that they were available only to MacGregor Advisory Staff members.

But a new manufacturing facility now permits sales of the DX TOURNEY "EXTRA" HIGH COMPRESSION Golf Ball, in limited quantities, through Pro Shops

Some golfers will discover Extra High Compression will yield distance dividends for them. Others will continue to play their best game with the regular DX TOURNEY.

One of the two is "power-tailored" for you! Which one? Only you can tell! Put both to the test!

Compare the performance of both DX Tourney Golf Balls with a special "DX Tourney Twins Test Kit".

The KIT, priced at $5.00, contains two each of both "Twins": 4 MacGregor Golf Balls. The TEST KIT and full details are available in Pro Shops only... and their supply is limited. Get your "TOURNEY TWINS TEST KIT" now!

MacGregor THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

Division of Brunswick Corp.

CINCINNATI, OHIO 45232

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU SAID "I WISH I HAD MY CAMERA WITH ME"?

Somehow it never fails. The times you really want a camera are the times you always forget to bring one.

Well, what are you going to do? Carry a camera all the time? Right. Carry an Ansco Memo II® camera all the time.

You won't mind carrying this camera because you really won't have to. It's no bigger than a pack of king-size cigarettes and can be tucked away in a pocket, a purse, an attache case or an anything.

So, you can just forget about it until the very moment you need it.

The Memo II is under $70 with leather case and strap. It's a beautifully compact piece of equipment with automatic everything. (Exposure, motorized film advance, flash control, the works.)

And because it's a single-frame camera, it gives you twice the number of regular-size mounted slides from a roll of film.

Speaking of film, you'll always get the best possible results when you use Anscochrome® color film. *(We'll send you a* free roll when you buy our camera, so you can see for yourself.)

You'll find there's one more nice feature when you buy the Memo II.

No package to carry home.

ANSCO MEMO II

gaf GENERAL ANILINE & FILM CORPORATION





This is one museum you should visit in MÉXICO

It's the unique Museum of Anthropology in Mexico City. Here, on 11 acres, the arts and myths of ancient cultures are spread before you.

Mexico also has much more to offer! Not only the glories of the past, but proud new shining cities, and charming colonial towns. You'll discover fantastic bargains in Mexican handicrafts, jewelry, silver, textiles...thrill to sports spectacles. .relax on breath-taking beaches, blessed by the miraculous Mexican sun.

Make plans to visit Mexico, because Mexico has wonderful plans for you. See your travel agent.. **the place to go is Mexico.**

Mexico ▪ Site of the 5th World Golf Championship, 1966 ▪ World Soccer-Football Cup, 1970 ▪ Home of the 1968 Olympic Games

MEXICAN NATIONAL TOURIST COUNCIL ▪ MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPT.

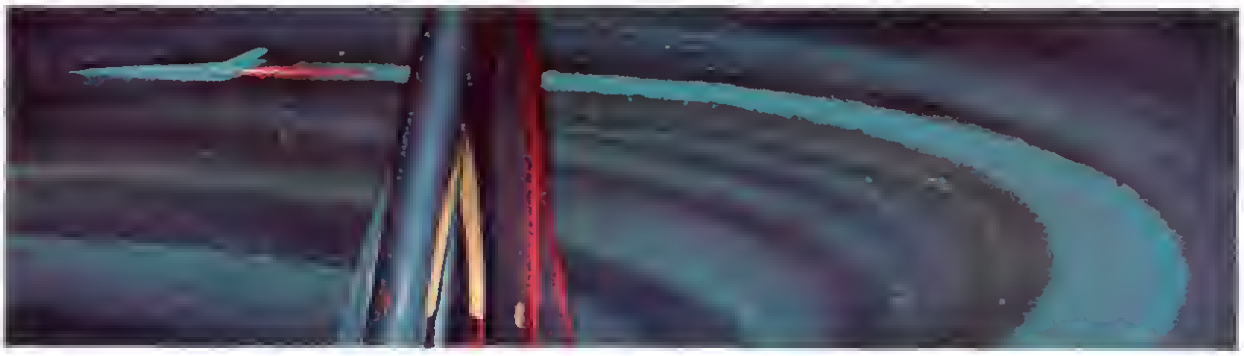
Mexico Information Office, Dept SP 1
2 East 55 Street, New York, N. Y. 10022

Please send me illustrated literature on Mexico

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____



Think ahead-

Get Smith-Corona, the only portable with a jeweled main bearing today!



Exclusive! A jeweled main bearing right in the heart of your typewriter. Only Smith-Corona portables have it and so many other exclusive features. Smith-Corona builds the only electric portables. Only Smith-Corona builds portables with optional snap-on Changeable Type™. Fact is, Smith-Corona has a habit of being first with innovations that others follow years later. First with an all-steel frame, first with an all-steel carrying case, first with a full five-year guarantee. No wonder more people buy Smith-Corona portables than any other brand. Get Smith-Corona now—the only portables with a future built in!

Think ahead—think SCM

SMITH-CORONA® PORTABLES

SCM.

GUARANTEE: ANY SMITH-CORONA BRANCH OFFICE WILL REPLACE WITHOUT CHARGE (EXCEPT FOR LABOR AND SHIPPING) ANY PART THAT PROVES DEFECTIVE WITHIN 5 YEARS OF PURCHASE DATE. NO LABOR CHARGE WITHIN 90 DAYS OF PURCHASE. WARRANTY COVERS ALL PARTS EXCEPT MOTOR, RUBBER PARTS, ENERGY CELL OR CHARGER AFTER 90 DAYS. DOES NOT COVER DAMAGE FROM ACCIDENT OR MISUSE AND EXTENDS ONLY TO ORIGINAL OWNER.

SCM CORPORATION, 410 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. IN CANADA, 70 PROGRESS AVENUE, SCARBOROUGH, ONTARIO.

Just because a watch is electric, its price doesn't have to be a shocker.



Meet the Electric Timex. The most popular electric watch in the world. The first electric watch to sell for less than forty dollars. And who but Timex could bring it to you?

To make a watch so advanced, we started with a modern factory filled with the finest precision machinery. We designed a superbly functional movement. We concentrated on accuracy. Steady electric accuracy, generated by a powerful long-lasting energy cell. After twelve months, you can replace the energy cell yourself in moments. And for only one dollar.

The Electric Timex is, of course, waterproof,* dustproof,* shock resistant. Who else but Timex could bring it to you for only $39.95 plus tax!

THE ELECTRIC TIMEX

THIS IS THE ENERGY CELL ACTUAL SIZE

*AS LONG AS CRYSTAL, CROWN AND CASE REMAIN INTACT



Looking for your *next* riding mower? Stop here.

Two things you're sure to want.

One is a good-looking, husky, tractor-style machine, so you won't look like you're perched on a toy.

Another is power and weight enough to pull a cart, spreader, aerator, roller or 3-gang reel mower.

Try out the Turfmaster 25. You'll get those and more.

We've given it many big tractor features but kept it scaled down to lawn size. The front wheels float free and can individually take a hump or hole. The differential lets the rear wheels make a sharp turn without tearing the lawn. Add automotive-type steering and you have a sweet-handling machine.

The stick shift (on the floor between your legs) has three speeds forward, neutral and reverse to let you make the most of five big Briggs and Stratton horses, plenty to take your toughest hill or to pull a man-sized load behind.

You'll like these too: internal-type brake on the rear axle, wide track pneumatic tires, properly positioned brake and clutch pedals on the floor, and throttle and blade controls on the dash. This mower has a 25-inch cut with wind-up height adjustments, 37¾ inch wheelbase, and meets all ASA safety standards.

Priced under $300, this compact does just about every lawn-care job and will fit nicely into your garage. Check it out at your dealer, or write for our catalog showing this and three other riders, power or push rotaries and reels, garden tillers, trimmer-edgers, and outdoor vacuums.

Write Dille & McGuire, subsidiary of The Huffman Manufacturing Company, Box 1036, Dayton 1, Ohio.

TURFMASTER®

Take me to your Greenfield Dealer

after you check off the weeds that are messing up your lawn and garden.
He has just the right Greenfield weed killer to clean them out for the whole season.



ask for GREENFIELD®
Pre-Emergence Crab Grass Killer



ask for GREENFIELD®
Springtime Triple Action



ask for GREENFIELD®
Pre-Emergence Crab Grass Killer



ask for GREENFIELD® Broadleaf Weed
Killer, Measured Release Lawn Food



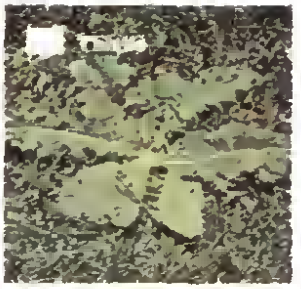
ask for GREENFIELD®
Dandelion and Broadleaf Weed Killer



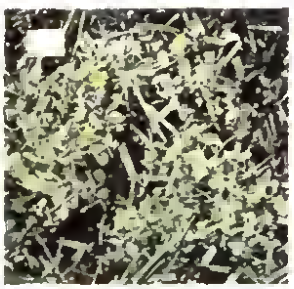
ask for GREENFIELD® Broadleaf Weed
Killer, Measured Release Lawn Food



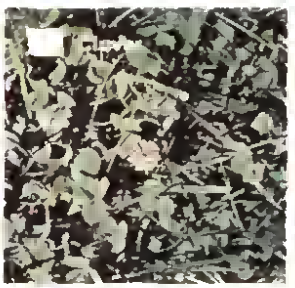
ask for GREENFIELD®
Broadleaf Weed and Crab Grass Killer



ask for GREENFIELD®
Broadleaf Weed and Crab Grass Killer



ask for GREENFIELD®
Broadleaf Weed Killer (liquid)



ask for GREENFIELD®
Dandelion and Broadleaf Weed Killer



ask for GREENFIELD®
Broadleaf Weed Killer (liquid)



ask for GREENFIELD®
Broadleaf Weed Killer (aerosol)



ask for GREENFIELD®
Dandelion and Broadleaf Weed Killer



ask for GREENFIELD®
Dandelion and Broadleaf Weed Killer



ask for GREENFIELD®
Broadleaf Weed Killer (liquid)



ask for GREENFIELD®
Broadleaf Weed Killer (liquid)

Greenfield®

the people who know how to make things grow

ELANCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, A DIVISION OF ELI LILLY AND COMPANY



MARILYN MAXWELL, JIMMY DURANTE AND BRONDA FLEMING IN "BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATRE"

Enjoy true-to-life Color from RCA Victor with Solid Copper Circuit dependability

Most true-to-life color . . . so natural and sharp you'll compare it to color motion pictures. And the High Fidelity tube gives you the brightest pictures ever from RCA Victor.

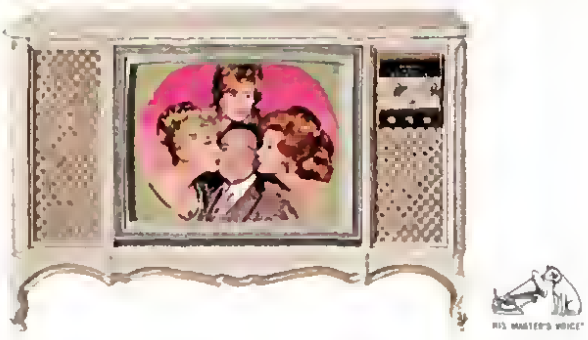
Dependable RCA Solid Copper Circuits replace old-fashioned "hand wiring"—eliminate over 200 possible trouble spots. This means fewer service headaches for you. Specially designed circuitry of this kind is used in space satellites. More TV servicemen own RCA Victor Color TV than all other leading makes combined.

RCA pioneered and perfected Color TV . . . is the world's most experienced maker of color sets. More people own RCA Victor Color TV than all other brands combined. See why—at your dealer's now!

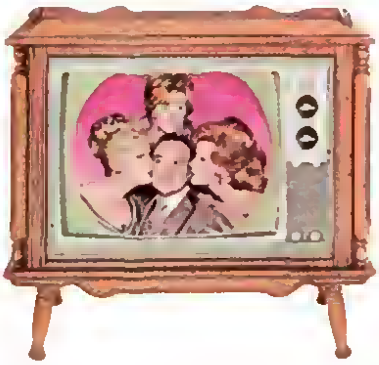


RCA SOLID COPPER CIRCUITS REPLACE OLD-FASHIONED "HAND WIRING" FOR GREATER DEPENDABILITY, BETTER PERFORMANCE.

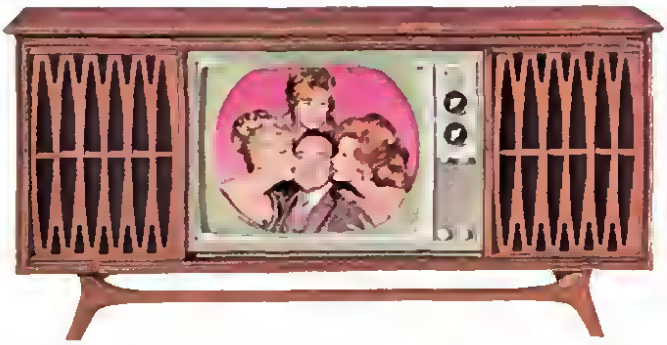
COLOR



The majestic French Provincial *Martinique* has famous New Vista * chassis—the most powerful ever from RCA Victor. Twin 9" x 6" speakers.



Authentic Early American styling of the *Monroe* compact lowboy will add color to your life—beauty to your home! Easy, accurate, color-keyed tuning.



Complete entertainment is yours with the *Stockholm* Danish-style lowboy. Color TV, Solid State stereo and 9-tube FM-AM-FM Stereo radio in one cabinet.

The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

Tma(s)®

SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK

BOOKTALK

Before you put that deuce down on a horse, better have a computer handy

A gambler named George Smith, back in the 1880s, is generally credited with being the first to keep detailed records of the past performances of race horses. Since he used the information to outguess the people who wanted to bet with him, Smith prospered and became famous as Pittsburgh Phil. Soon, however, New York newspapers were beating him at his own game. Their experts published daily forecasts of the races, in which they selected probable winners by analyzing records, just as Phil had done, but for the benefit of the general public, or at least of their readers. By 1894 Pittsburgh Phil was out of the picture, and there were no less than 60 prosperous bookmakers operating daily at Brighton Beach track, handling about $3,000 apiece on each race.

Now, in *Horse Sense* (McKay, $5.95), racing history seems to have come full cycle, for the author, Dr. Burton P. Fabricand, has discovered that the general public—at least in sum total—is more nearly right in its judgment of horseflesh than the experts. There is a kind of vast, miscellaneous, unorganized gambling democracy at the track—"the spectacle of each person wholeheartedly and effectively acting in his own self-interest . . . to select the right horses to represent him." The conflicting opinions of thousands "clash, interact, and modify one another in such a way that the final ensemble opinion is a closer approximation of the truth than that of any single individual." So the favorites win in a third of the races, and while it is true that a bettor who invests only on favorites will lose money, he will, says Dr. Fabricand, lose less than one who bets on other horses.

The problem, as he sees it, is to know when *not* to bet on the favorite. The system outlined in the 247 pages of *Horse Sense* consists of rules and equations, drawn from computer studies, to determine when the favorite is a good bet and when it is not. Dr. Fabricand, a 42-year-old physicist at Columbia University, contends that the public is most often confused when the past-performance record of the favorite is similar to that of other horses in the race. To meet the difficulty, the author sets up rules derived from computer analyses of 10,000 races. He explains the rules in very murky prose whose meaning (at a guess) is that it is better not to bet. Still, the ordinary horseplayer has never received such a tribute to his intuitive insight, mathematical genius and racing knowledge as Dr. Fabricand and his computers have given him. It would surprise Pittsburgh Phil. It would even surprise most horseplayers.

—ROBERT CANTWELL



"DACRON"® keeps these fine slacks wrinkle-free, sharply creased

They're HAGGAR FLITEWEIGHT SLACKS. Cool tropical slacks destined to be your summer favorites. Thanks to "Dacron" in the fabric, they stay freshly pressed, neat all day. And, of course, Haggar tailoring makes these fine dress slacks just fit better . . . **naturally.** ®Du Pont's Reg. T.M.

55% "Dacron" polyester · 45% worsted wool. $12.95

HAGGAR COMPANY • DALLAS, TEXAS

SCORECARD

TROUBLE IN THE SNOW

Divided in the political field since the war, Germany has shown precarious East-West unity in Olympic athletics. It formed united teams for competition at Tokyo and Rome, and they worked out reasonably well. But lately international athletic federations have been recognizing East Germany as a separate country. In cycling, skating and track the Germans now field two "national" teams. When the International Olympic Committee met in Lausanne last week, there was on the agenda a formal request from 24 of the 26 international sports federations (basketball and track were absent) for the IOC to recognize East Germany as an Olympic nation.

It was a development that threatened to cost the French city of Grenoble the 1968 Winter Olympics. France is bound by a NATO regulation not to issue visas to "representatives of East Germany." If the French respect the rule they will forfeit their right to be hosts at Grenoble. The IOC position, says Avery Brundage, its American president, is that "no city will be assured an Olympic event where all athletes recognized by the IOC are not able to participate."

Three winter resorts in Canada, Japan and Finland (Banff, Sapporo and Lahti) telephoned the IOC in Lausanne to say that they were ready to replace Grenoble. But the cost of travel to such areas, even Lahti, is considered too much for the European Alpine competitors, who must go to Portillo, Chile in 1966 for the FIS world championships as well.

If the IOC disqualifies Grenoble, Davos in Switzerland, a country that does not belong to NATO, is considered the strongest candidate.

DAVIES SERVES AN ACE

The difference between a professional and an amateur tennis player, as is well known, is whether his money is paid him above or below the table. Few in the sport have been willing to say so publicly. But last week Mike Davies, former British Davis Cupper, now a pro in Jack Kramer's California tennis school and also on the French Riviera, was called upon for a few words at a Boston luncheon to boost the U.S. Professional Grass Court Championship to be played at the Longwood Cricket Club, July 15–18. He followed Earl Buchholz, who had bemoaned the paucity of "new blood" in professional ranks and had observed that the last prominent amateur to turn pro was Rod Laver in 1963.

"The reason amateurs are not turning pro," Davies said, "is that they are making good money—very good money—as amateurs. There is little rule enforcement in amateur ranks. Many of the top players are listed as 'public relations experts' for cigarette companies. The foundation of amateur tennis is based on the quicksand of illicit operation."

BOOKKEEPERS VS. OUTDOORSMEN

Citing "savings" that could be accomplished, the Bureau of the Budget has marked for reduction or disposal 11 waterfowl refuges in 12 states. Senator Lee Metcalf, Montana Democrat and member of the Migratory Bird Conservation Commission, stood up in his duck blind recently and knocked a few of the bureau's misconceptions out of the hot air. The "bookkeepers" in the bureau, he said, "would have Congress break faith with our duck hunters and others sincerely interested in the National Wildlife Refuge System."

The bureau had held that its program would save $210,000 and eliminate 11 jobs. In questioning the claim Metcalf pointed to the Piedmont Refuge in Georgia, where Budget Bureau officials claim abandonment would mean a "saving" of $44,000 and three jobs.

"Even if we discount wildlife and other values and deal only with dollars and cents," Metcalf said, "this is some 'saving' when you consider that in 1964 sale of timber alone from the refuge brought in $124,000—or almost three times the amount we will 'save' next fiscal year by eliminating the refuge." He said timber on the refuge is valued above $5 million and annual growth at some $300,000 and is increasing; wildlife populations have "skyrocketed"; the number of visitors has more than quadrupled in the past five years; and the income from the refuge in lieu of taxes to the counties in which the refuge is situated has more than tripled in the past three years.

Metcalf then introduced a bill providing that land must get out of the refuge system the way it gets in—by approval of the Migratory Bird Conservation Commission, not by "bookkeepers unqualified to make policy decisions."

DIET FOR AN UNTIDY LAWN

A few years ago Euell Gibbons brought out a book called *Stalking the Wild Asparagus*, relating his adventures in eating wild plants. Apparently he missed a few. Jaro A. Konecny of Strong, Maine, acting executive secretary of the Applied Naturalist Guild, reports in his latest newsletter that milkweed buds are just great in pancakes and that tender shoots of birch enhance the flavor of a beef stew or soup. The inner bark of birch or white pine can be dried and ground into flour, he says, and reindeer moss can be made into something that resembles shredded wheat.

The thing that fascinates us most, though, is that Konecny is looking forward to the crabgrass season. He says it is delicious.



DOPPELGÄNGER

Though Peter Snell is entered in this Saturday's Penn Relays in Philadelphia, the world mile and half-mile records will be in no danger. This Peter Snell is no New Zealander but a plebe at the U.S. Naval Academy, and his running, if he does compete, will be confined to a quarter-mile leg in the freshman mile relay.

continued

Snell took up running as a high school freshman in Melbourne (Florida, not Australia) shortly after his famous namesake won the 1960 Olympic 800 meters. A specialist in the sprints and 440, he never has run a mile in competition. And his best half-mile was 2:01.9, almost 17 seconds slower than the New Zealander's world record.

The two Snells have corresponded and discovered that both their ancestors came from the same town in England in the early 17th century.

"I think he's terrific," says Plebe Snell of the other Snell. "In fact, he's my favorite athlete, along with Roger Staubach, of course."

SPORTSMAN WRITER

After 40 years of reporting schoolboy sports for the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, Jack Ryan will retire next month with the heartwarming distinction of never having reported a boy's error, fumble or other mishap, no matter how costly or important to a game. To sports editors who in the beginning argued that this was scarcely adequate journalism, Ryan argued back fiercely—and in time successfully—that his concern was for the heartbroken boy who lost the game.

"None of us can look at these kids from the sidelines and size up their emotional makeup," Ryan has explained. "When they get older they'll be able to bring their mistakes into perspective, but at high school age recording that mistake in a newspaper can lead to all sorts of damage."

Last month Ryan became the first newspaperman ever to win the John B. Kelly Award (Connie Mack is one of his illustrious predecessors). On May 3 he will be given a dinner, and many of those there to pay tribute to him will be former boys he used to write about.

HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

Quite possibly the biggest bargain the outdoorsman can hope to find is in West Virginia, whose Department of Natural Resources and Department of Agriculture put out a directory of farms where food and lodging is available to hunters and fishermen at wonderfully low rates.

Take Doddridge County, for instance. Plenty of deer, squirrel, grouse, rabbits and coons. Good fishing for bass, muskies, bluegills, catfish, crappies. Ancel Smith of West Union will put you up for $3 a day including meals, $2 without meals. The same rates prevail at C. L. Hartman's place near Fort Seybert, Pendleton County, where trout, walleyes, bear and turkey are added attractions.

The brochure, entitled *Food and Lodging for Sportsmen on West Virginia Farms*, lists 76 other lodging farms around the state and may be obtained from the Public Relations Division, West Virginia Department of Natural Resources, Charleston, W. Va. 25305.

POETRY IN THE CORRAL

Spring-cleaning a cluttered office, one of our writers browsed idly through a months-old issue of *Horse World*, a magazine dedicated to show horses. Her eye was caught by an advertisement offering the stud services of Carbon Copy, the champion walking horse for which GLL Farms of Collierville, Tenn. paid $125,000. We herewith reprint, without charge to GLL Farms, a section of the ad that was in verse:

Coal black and shiny, he has managed to enthrall
Audiences everywhere—they love him best of all
Retired from competition to benefit the breed
Bred to sire the very best—a Champion indeed
Overstocked with winners, his pedigree can't miss
Never has a Walking Horse had bloodlines fine as this

Costing us terrifically to buy this Show Ring Great
One hundred and a quarter grand it took to pay the freight
Perhaps you'd like to visit us when romance fills the air
You can set up an appointment—and be sure to bring your mare.

You will note that the initial letters form an acrostic, spelling out the name of the horse—CARBON COPY. This sort of verse used to be called doggerel. How about horserel, just this once?

CALL FOR ACTION

The ruination of American health, according to Dr. Jean Mayer, associate professor of nutrition at Harvard, is to be found in devices that make walking and other forms of labor unnecessary. At the 49th annual meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology, he urged the abolition of "those damn [golf] carts" and of school buses for third graders or older students who live within two miles of school. He would also lower the status of such sports as football and basketball, since only heavier and taller boys can hope to make the teams, and substitute carry-over sports like tennis, swimming and "brisk" golf.

Obesity, he reported, is not always a question of eating too much but more often of doing too little. In a study of 28 overweight teen-age girls, matched against 28 lean girls, Dr. Mayer found that the obese girls actually ate less than the skinny ones. The latter were just far more physically active. Playing tennis, the fat girls moved about only when it was necessary, as in hitting the ball, while the lean ones were active virtually all the time.

One other thing. Dr. Mayer reported that girls with long, tapering fingers almost never become fat.

RIGHT HAND, MEET LEFT HAND

Specialization is common enough in pro football, but Elroy Hirsch of the Los Angeles Rams has a specialty that may be unique. His exclusive front-office job (other than speechmaking and similar public-relations chores) is signing veterans to their contracts. Another department handles the acquisition and signing of new players.

One can only guess at the principal reason for the split in negotiators, but it might be that Hirsch can "honestly" tell a veteran that he does not know what kind of bonus or salary a rookie is getting, and the men who approach the rookies can "honestly" say they are ignorant of what the veterans are getting —"that's Hirsch's department."

THEY SAID IT

• Joe Pepitone, Yankee first baseman, on "firsts" in Houston's domed stadium: "I got the first error there by an Italian."

• Brigitte Bardot, after making a movie in Mexico City, advising Olympic athletes who will compete there in 1968: "Get there early. Rest a few days. Train carefully, and cut down on your romance until used to the altitude."

• Willie Mays, on why he has watched only one baseball game in his life, when he was 15: "It makes me nervous, seeing too many things go wrong." **END**



Some people find our meals discouraging.

We like the man who cleans his plate.

So if you're counting calories, we're afraid you can't count on us.

For one thing, our shrimp cost a little more than the shrimp in most restaurants. No kidding. We have expensive shrimp.

(And our horseradish is stronger than the kind that comes out of a jar.)

Our hot rolls happen to be a new kind that aren't even on the national market yet.

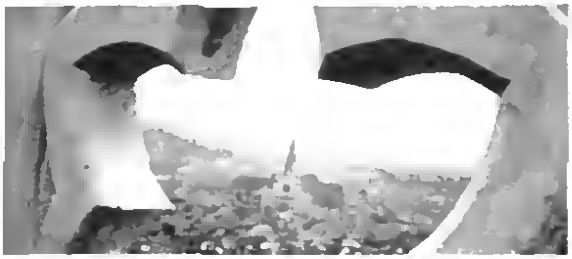
And if the coffee we serve seems richer than usual, it isn't an accident. You can't buy American Airlines' coffee in stores.

We even use outside tasters. In fact, we've had the owners of four of New York's most famous restaurants in for dinner to see how they liked it.

They didn't leave a thing.

American Airlines

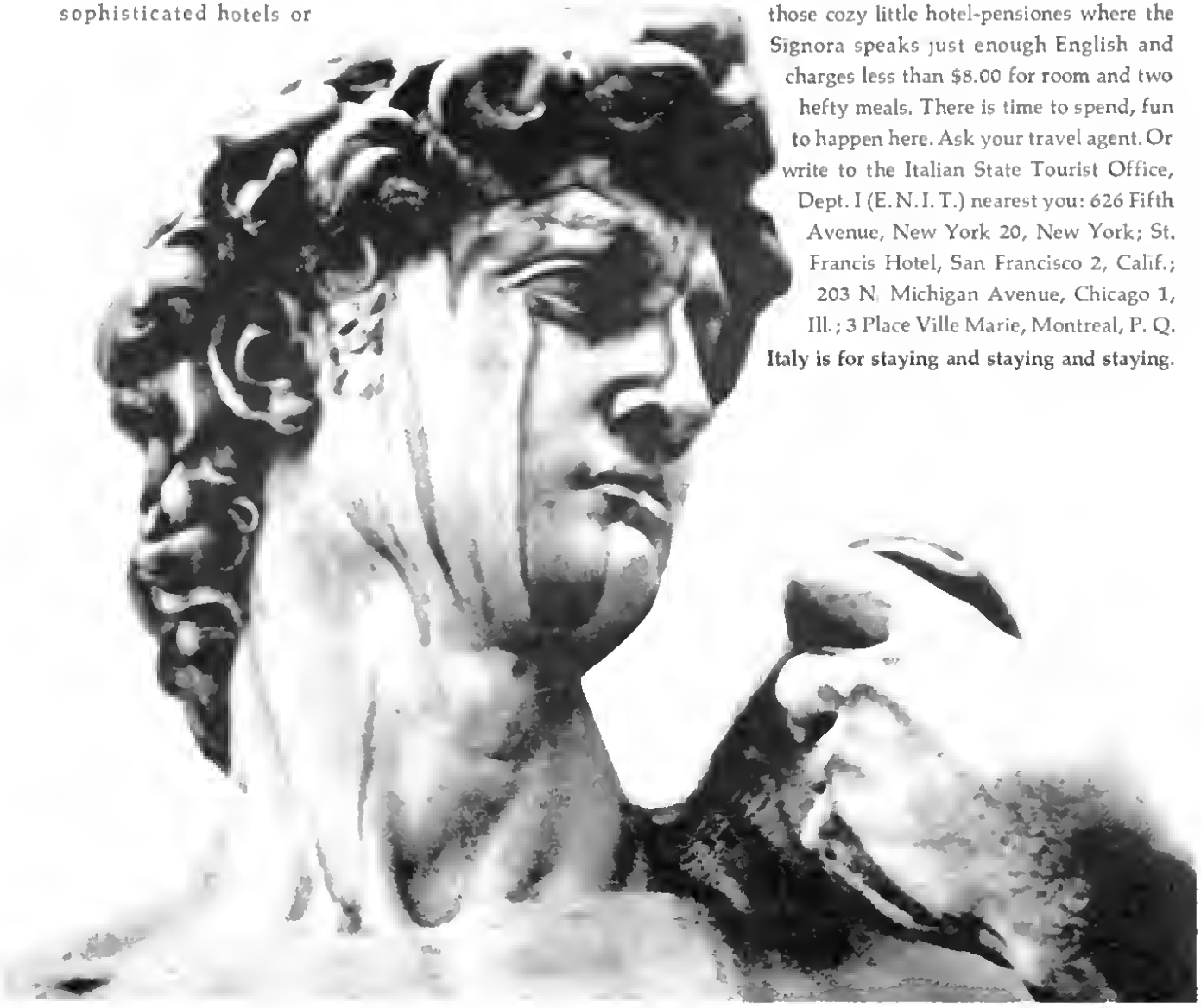
Italy is sipping un caffè
in the shade of Giotto's belltower.





Sit, watch, explore sunlit Florence for as long as you like over your coffee... for as little as admission to a museum. Your waiter does not rush you. Because there is nothing that tickles him quite so much as the American visitor who takes to this magnificent Italian art of relaxation. Take your time climbing that belltower, too. The view once you've hit the top will leave you breathless enough. After Florence? There is the sleek modernity of Milan grown up amidst La Scala and Da Vinci's Last Supper... and there are the hot sun and chilly wines of Naples, the beaches and pines of Rimini, skiing in the Dolomites... discovering the ruins at Herculaneum, and the friendliness of those little pockets of Italy hidden off the Amalfi Drive. Stay in luxurious, sophisticated hotels or those cozy little hotel-pensiones where the Signora speaks just enough English and charges less than $8.00 for room and two hefty meals. There is time to spend, fun to happen here. Ask your travel agent. Or write to the Italian State Tourist Office, Dept. I (E.N.I.T.) nearest you: 626 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York; St. Francis Hotel, San Francisco 2, Calif.; 203 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.; 3 Place Ville Marie, Montreal, P. Q.

Italy is for staying and staying and staying.





Only the best for **Palm Beach®!** They make this handsome, cool summer suit of Klopman's 57% Dacron® polyester, 31% combed cotton and 12% Lycra® spandex. It's called "Easy Living"™ and it is. Never shows strain ..bends and stretches with you ..recovers instantly When it comes to a right-off-the-hanger look in a summer suit, nobody but Klopman makes stretch that looks so great or works so well. Suit in putty, clay, olive, navy, oxford grey. Available in conventional or natural shoulder models. About $50.00. At fine stores everywhere. Fabric by Klopman Mills, Inc. Men's Wear Division, 115 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. A division of Burlington Industries, Inc.

INA INSURES SPRINGTIME

(With a Homeowners Package policy that's as uncomplicated as a daisy petal.)

Why, we asked ourselves, should there be so many different kinds of insurance policies to handle the many kinds of protection a homeowner needs?

There shouldn't be, we decided.

So, back in 1950, we invented the insurance protection packaged for homeowners. One policy providing broad protection for your home and property. In a neat little bundle. The Homeowners Package policy from Insurance Company of North America.

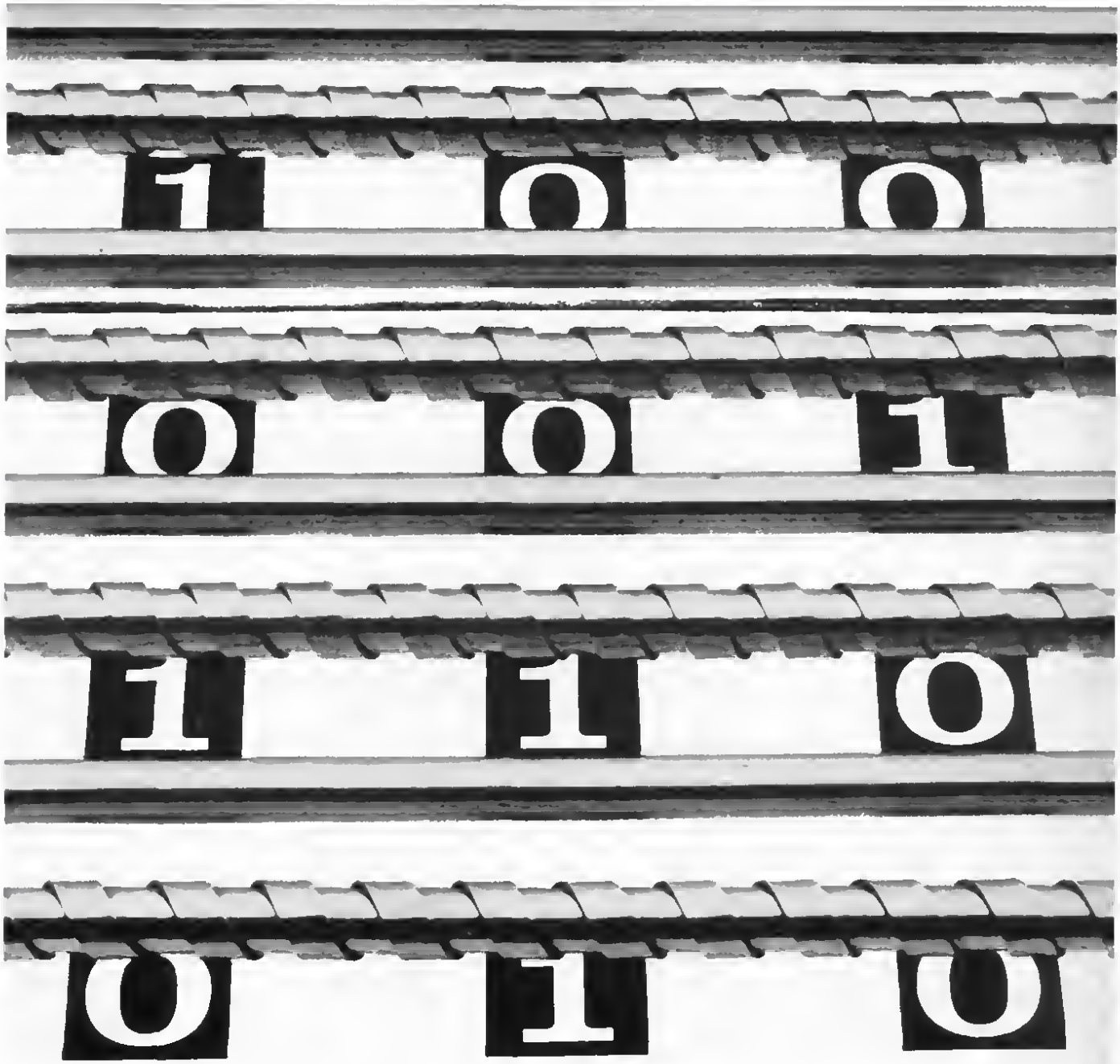
And now you can get a special new INA Homeowners policy with Merit Rating. So you people who don't have claims pay less—for the same coverage. How's that for a fresh-as-spring idea? (It's available in most states.)

Ask your INA man about it. Or about our new Continuous Homeowners policy which continues in force indefinitely. You don't have to renew this INA policy every three years. Less paperwork for us means a lower premium for you. And this policy gives you merit savings for claim-free coverage after the first 12 months. No three-year wait.

Your INA man will be glad to wrap a Homeowners Package policy for you. (Or INA coverage for your car or boat, or life protection for your family.) He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

Insurance Company of North America.
World Headquarters: Philadelphia.





NEW TWIST TO TELEPHONE SERVICE

The "twistor" wires shown above are actually only 31/10,000 of an inch in diameter—less than half the width of common sewing thread. Thousands of these precisely engineered strands, made by ingenious manufacturing techniques, form part of an amazing electronic memory. It is a key element in the new Electronic Switching System Western Electric is now building for Bell telephone company central offices. ☐ In just a few millionths of a second, these wires can "read" information stored in magnetic spots on metal sheets, and relay it to the System's electronic "brain." The information is stored in binary language (which uses only the digits "1" and "0"). ☐ Electronic switching, or "ESS," was developed by our teammate, Bell Laboratories. And, as frequently happens with such new communications developments, it presented Western Electric with difficult manufacturing problems. Example: to make twistor wires we had to find a way to wrap a strip of magnetic tape around the wire, making exactly 92 wraps per inch. ☐ But manufacturing new, unique communications products to incredibly high standards is a skill Western Electric has been perfecting for the 83 years we have been a member of the Bell System. That's one reason our other teammates, the 21 Bell telephone companies, can give you the most modern, and the most reliable communications service in the world at low cost.



Western Electric
Manufacturing & Supply Unit of the Bell System

Sports Illustrated
APRIL 26, 1965

ATLANTA YOU CAN HAVE *the* REST LEAVE US EDDIE MATTRESS *Our Hero*



Fans in Milwaukee crowded County Stadium and raised cheerful, cynical banners to the memory of their lame-duck, Atlanta-bound Braves. Then the seats emptied, and sadness and resentment took over **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

At noon last Friday in Milwaukee Bobby Bragan, the colorful manager of the Braves, drove his Cadillac down Green Bay Avenue and puffed on a good cigar. "Yesterday," he said, "the Braves drew nearly 34,000 people here on a cold, raw Opening Day with threats of rain. It was a great tribute to this city and to the players. Last weekend, when we played those three exhibition games against the Detroit Tigers in Atlanta, we drew 106,000 people to a ball park which isn't completed yet and which has virtually no parking space. That was a great tribute to the people of Atlanta and to the players. This is a unique situation, with the Braves playing in Milwaukee this year and then moving on to Atlanta next year and everyone knowing about it. It has never happened in baseball before. All spring long, people have been asking me what it is going to be like to play a so-called lame-duck season." Bragan thought for a few seconds and then a wry smile came over his face. "I remember a story about a crooked creek down in Alabama," he said. "The creek is so crooked that no matter how hard or often people tried to jump over it they always came down on the wrong side. Eventually the people learned to walk around it."

Ever since the Milwaukee Braves began spring training in Florida back in March they have been told to walk around their conversational creeks lest they come down on the wrong side of baseball's strangest situation. They know that if they say too many nice things about Atlanta then the people in Milwaukee, already incensed over the decision by the Braves' management to move the team, will not come out to see them play at all this season. They know, too, that if they even dare hint that Milwaukee, after having averaged 1,584,000 in attendance over the past 12 years, should not be deserted by baseball then people are not exactly going to go running down Peachtree Street barefoot to buy season tickets for the 1966 season in Atlanta.

During a 10-day period ending last Saturday evening in Milwaukee's County Stadium, the 27 men who play for the Braves went through an almost unbelievable odyssey. They went through it with a flair, dignity and spirit of which baseball the game can be proud even though baseball the business should hang its head in shame for forcing them to go through it at all.

It began on the night of April 8 in Jacksonville with a game between the Braves and the New York Yankees. This was the first of 19 Milwaukee games that will be telecast into Atlanta this season (55 will be on radio). On the other hand, no games will be televised into Milwaukee, and only a last-minute, $110,000 radio contract will enable the fans in Milwaukee to hear their team's games.

One of the announcers for the very first telecast into Atlanta was Mel Allen, who had been fired last summer by the New York Yankees after 25 years of broadcasting their games. "Evenin', evabody," said Allen in his native southern accent, "and welcome to this historic telecast back to Atlanta of your 1966 Braves." The 1965 Braves lost that first televised game 6–1, and of 10 downtown Atlanta bars tested, seven were tuned in to *Perry Mason*. Still, Allen handled things well, even though he did call Felipe Alou "Faloop Aloo" once. He sipped Coca-Cola, Atlanta's national drink, and kept reminding everyone that the Braves would arrive at the Atlanta airport the next day at 11:10 a.m., and he suggested "that all you fine people give them a real southern welcome."

continued on page 90

Mrs. Martha Schneidar, 82, who has been attending Opening Days in Milwaukee for 50 years, wistfully applauds the "ours-and-theirs" Braves



THE GALLERY HAD ME GRINNING

BY JACK NICKLAUS

The man who broke the records at the Masters gives his own account of his tremendous triumph. He discloses that he effected a major change in his game only a month before, and tells how the urging of a huge and demonstrative crowd made the big victory a laugher

You would not believe you could win a Masters championship in a Florida pine forest, and you would not think a long-hitting professional could win it by listening to a short-hitting amateur. Least of all would you suspect you could win it because of what a gallery does, but these were the things that led to my victory at Augusta National two weeks ago.

In many respects the touring professional is no different from the average golfer. He tinkers with his swing, he starts to hit the ball well, he thinks, "I've got the game licked at last"—only he doesn't, of course, and the whole process starts all over again.

In the winter of 1963 I resolved to make an all-out effort to win the Masters. I threw out the fade that I had used all my golfing life in favor of a hook, which I thought would be the most effective weapon for playing the Augusta course. The changeover was a difficult one to make, but it worked and I won that Masters. I also became a right-to-left player from then on.

Hooking the ball is a great temptation for all of us on the tour. Many of the courses we play are wide open and the fairways are hard. A hook usually stays low, it has a lot of overspin and rolls a very long way. Unfortunately, however, I never really mastered the hook and my game became sometimes careless and always inconsistent. I practiced a great deal and could still hit the ball well enough—results show that—but I never really felt in complete control of what I was doing. I would often blow up under pressure because my swing was not sound and I was never confident that a shot would come off as planned. I still hit the ball far, but sometimes this just meant I was getting deeper into the woods.

Last month I stood on the 71st tee at the Pensacola Open with a one-shot lead over Doug Sanders and a chance to win my first tournament of the year. One swing blew it all. My drive hooked so high and far into the trees bordering the fairway on the left that it took me five more shots—including a penalty stroke for an unplayable lie—to finish the hole. This kind of thing had happened to me before, too often.

"That's it with hooks," I told myself. "I've got to work myself back to the good old fading game."

Returning to my old way of hitting the ball was not easy to do, but during the weeks following Pensacola I practiced a great deal. It was left to Amateur Deane Beman to give me the bit of advice that completed the transition. On the Saturday before the Masters I played a practice round with Deane, a two-time U.S. Amateur champion who is not only a close friend but someone with whom I have played a lot of golf over the past several years. He knows my game well.

"Deane," I asked him, "when I address the ball, where am I aiming?"

"Your feet are square with the target," he said, "but your shoulders and hips are aimed to the right of the target. This is something you never used to do." He said this was forcing me to make such a big body turn that my swing was no longer compact and that I must be having trouble getting down into the ball correctly.

How right he was. This explained why I had been hitting so many wild hooks, especially under pressure. With Deane's help I got lined up correctly. No longer did I have to be a contortionist just to hit a shot. I had a 70 in the practice round that day and I was knocking the flagstick out of the hole every time I drew back the club.

That night I flew back to Columbus, and the next two days I practiced at home. I was hitting the ball just wonderfully. This gave me a tremendous mental lift. Then I came back to Augusta, and on Tuesday I shot a practice-round 67. You can imagine how I must have felt going into the tournament, knowing that my game was falling into shape and knowing at last what I was doing with a golf club. It is no wonder that I was so relaxed that people told me during the tournament I looked as if I was just out playing a friendly round with my buddies back home.

Finally, as if all this were not enough, an unaccountable thing happened. For the first time in my professional career a gallery was really rooting for me. It was a genuinely moving experience. No golfer can expect the cheers of the spectators as an inalienable right, but he certainly enjoys them. When he plays well—and sometimes wins—and still the cheers don't come he has to ask himself what is wrong. I guess I have asked myself this question a thousand times in the last two years. I came up with a lot of guesses, but no answers. Maybe it has been because I am strong, built on the beefy side and have not shown my emotions too openly. I never did much laughing and smiling on the course. Maybe, as a TV producer once told me, it has been because I do not sink lots of long putts and dance around the green. Well, I would love to sink those long putts. Or maybe it is simply because I have not been around long enough. It embarrasses me even to speculate about all this, but it is an important factor in every tournament golfer's life. A gallery that is for you helps you. It makes the game that much more fun. The only trouble is, you can't set out to win over a gallery. You have to be yourself or you

© by Jack Nicklaus. All rights reserved



Happy Jack, who has said his face muscles restrict his smile, has no trouble when Palmer gives him green coat that goes to Masters champions.

find it hard to play good golf. You could ruin your game trying to be something you are not. I felt I simply had to be Jack Nicklaus, and hoped that Jack Nicklaus had enough appeal somewhere to eventually get across to the crowd.

Then came this year's Masters. Right from the first tee I had a very responsive, appreciative gallery with me. It made me try much harder. It kept me going and kept me pumped up. I've heard yells of, "Go get 'em, Jack!" and, "Attaboy!" and, "Birdie every hole!" before, but never so often, never like this. Take the day I shot my 64. I never did get nervous. I was playing well and people kept yelling and screaming for me and I never had a chance to think about what I was doing. Not once did I worry about throwing my good round away. I was confident I could keep on hitting good shots forever, and it was the lift from the gallery that made me feel that way.

When the 64 was over and I had a five-shot lead in the tournament it was hard to get back to earth. I still had 18 holes to play, but people were congratulating me as if the Masters were over. To help settle myself down I went out on the practice tee late Saturday afternoon to drive and chip. I hit some tee shots, because I still was a little unsure of my driving, and I chipped because three bad chip shots in the second round caused three consecutive bogies. I anticipated I would have to hit a lot more chip shots on Sunday. Also, on Friday I had been tense playing the last few holes. Practicing for an hour or so after the round had restored my confidence. This time it worked again. I got a good night's sleep, and Sunday's 18 holes could not have been more enjoyable.

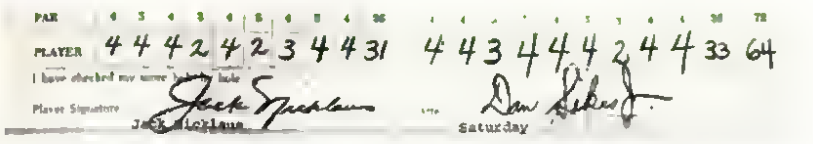
After the Masters was over, Deane Beman and I were speculating about why I had been able to score so well. The mild weather helped, of course, and so did the support from the gallery, and I was undoubtedly hitting the ball well. But these factors alone did not add up to a 271, breaking the tournament record by three shots or beating the best golfers in the world by nine. I think that there were probably two things that gave me the extra edge. First of all, I was determined that this year I was not going to get off to my usual slow start and have to play a game of catch-up for the rest of the Masters. I sensed this from the first putt on the first hole. It was a five-footer I needed for a birdie. Normally, at the beginning of a tournament, I am extremely nervous about the first putt, sort of wishy-washy on how I want to hit it. This time I backed off and thought, "Make yourself make it, just as if this was the last day of the tournament and you needed birdies badly." I sank that putt and kept myself thinking the same way for the next 71 holes.

The other factor was *my* short game. During the past two years, in which my swing had become sloppy, I often found myself scrambling around the course like a monkey just trying to get my pars. This put a terrific amount of pressure on my chipping, my sand play and my putting. I *had* to pitch, chip and putt well just to get by, and I kept doing it well when my long game finally fell back into place. I do not ever remember getting down in two from off the green or two-putting from 50 to 80 feet as successfully as I did in the 1965 Masters. Even right now I feel I could go out on the Augusta National course and shoot in the 60s. But I also know, as the weeks grow into months, how much of a dream it will all seem to be. This summer I will be asking myself, "How in the world did I ever do it?" Next April, when I take another look at that magnificent golf course, *I will* think, "What am *I* supposed to do this year?"

Well, I do know two things about next year's Masters. I won't be hooking the ball. It is goodby to the hook forever—I hope. And I am going to be smiling. People tell me I had a wide grin on my face all four days at Augusta. It was those galleries that set me to grinning, and I am going to be grinning for them again.

TURN PAGE FOR THE 64, STROKE BY STROKE

. . . AND SO DID SATURDAY'S 64



The record-tying round that Nicklaus shot on the third day of the tournament was the most overpowering in the long history of the Masters. Eight of his drives were more than 300 yards. Twice his second shot on par-5 holes was a five-iron. Fifteen times he had birdie putts of 25 feet or less. Only twice was he in the rough. Here he assesses each stroke of his fabulous round and offers some insights on how a lot of skill and a little luck added up to 64.

1 400 YARDS, PAR 4

Of the three of us tied for the lead at 138, Gary Player, Arnold Palmer and myself, I was first off the tee, paired with Dan Sikes. It was a warm day and I felt very relaxed. I had a pretty good idea what the pin positions would be, but before teeing off I took a look at the 18th, the 9th and the 2nd holes. The pin on the first hole was at the left front of the green. Most players like to drive down the right side, figuring this gives them a better position for the second shot. I prefer to approach from the left, because there is more putting surface to shoot at from that angle —an approach from the right may easily go over the green. My tee shot was good, on the left side. I used a sand wedge, and even though I hit it about as well as I ever have, the slight following wind caught it and I ended up 50 feet past the cup. Sikes was over the green with his approach, and when he chipped back too strong I could see how fast the greens were going to be. "Oh, boy," I thought, "this could be some day." I was right, but not quite in the way I had envisioned. I managed to get my long putt within six inches of the hole and made my par.

2 555 YARDS, PAR 5

I knew the pin was on the left side. To be able to bring my second shot in properly for an eagle try I felt I had to fade my tee shot onto the right side of the fairway. The result was nearly disastrous, for I hit my one really poor drive of the Masters. It started down the line of trees on the right and faded even farther right, deep into the woods. As bad as things looked, I was optimistically telling myself that the trees would stop the ball before it went too far. But where skill abandoned me, luck took over. I was 20 or 30 yards into the trees, yet I had a clear shot down the fairway. I hit a three-iron to about 110 yards from the green, then a pitching wedge some 25 feet past the cup. As I was lining up the putt I heard a voice in the gallery behind me say, "It breaks to the right." This got me thinking because I *knew* the putt had to break to the left. Someone was either kidding me or had money on Arnold. I just tapped the putt and it coasted down the green and into the hole. This is what really got the round started. In my six Masters, I had never played the 2nd hole particularly well, and now, even with a terrible tee shot, I had come out with a birdie. It was going to be my day.

3 360 YARDS, PAR 4

I hit a three-wood off the tee—about 250 yards—to keep the ball on the upslope of the fairway and give myself a better chance to stop the approach shot on a green that is always fast and hard. My wedge kicked in about 10 feet from the hole, but my putt for a birdie was too cautious. Par 4.

4 220 YARDS, PAR 3

The pin was on the left side and I thought a four-iron, hit not too hard, would be just right. It was not the correct club at all, yet two errors added up to one birdie. I hit the four-iron fat, but the ball floated down only eight feet to the left of the hole. What a pleasant surprise! After a break like that I felt sure I would make the putt, and I did.

5 460 YARDS, PAR 4

I hit a good drive into the center of the fairway and, given the distance to the flagstick, 175 yards into a slight wind, would normally have used a five-iron. By now, however, I was getting so charged up I thought I had better drop down to a six-iron. I played the shot pretty well, but I did not allow for enough break on my 20-foot putt. A par.

6 190 YARDS, PAR 3

The pin was in the front of the green, the easiest possible position. I knew the danger of playing short and to the left, so I hit to the right and long. The ball landed on a bank and bounced in, ending up about 20 feet past the hole. It was a fast putt with about a foot of break across a green that is always difficult, but I sank it for a birdie.

7 360 YARDS, PAR 4

I had not driven too well here on the first two rounds, and this time my left foot slipped on the downswing. I should slip more often. The drive was dead straight and I had a perfect lie in the fairway. Many times a player will begin to get nervous when he gets three under par, but for some reason I was not. I just thought to myself, "Here's another birdie hole. Now take advantage of it." I hit as fine a wedge as I ever have. It held the line all the way, had a lot of bite on it and bounced up no more than two feet from the cup. The putt was no problem; my fourth birdie in seven holes.

8 530 YARDS, PAR 5

After a good drive—perhaps 320 yards—down the right side I hit a three-iron up toward the green, reasoning that if I had made a mistake in the choice of club I would rather be short than over. I was short all right—on the green but a good 80 feet from the hole. You can sense how hard to stroke a 15- or 20-foot putt but not how hard to stroke an 80-footer. You just hit and hope. I hit it hard to get it well up the green, and it broke in no more than 18 inches from the cup. So now I had another easy birdie.

9 420 YARDS, PAR 4

Since the pin was on the right side I knew I could cut the left corner of this dogleg with my tee shot. I hit over the corner, past the trees and down to the bottom of the fairway, about 100 yards from the green. My pitch shot went 20 feet beyond the hole and I two-putted. At this moment I was thinking about pulling ahead of the field, not about a record-tying round. My lead, according to the big scoreboard overlooking the 18th green, was four shots. After that I never checked a scoreboard again. I knew that as long as I did not make any bogeys I would not have much to worry about for today.

10 470 YARDS, PAR 4

I hit my tee shot into the right side of the fairway and, since I was about 160 yards from the hole, would normally have used a six-iron. But I felt so strong—and this happens sometimes—that I knew I wouldn't be able to hit a six-iron easy enough, so I decided on an eight-iron. I put it within 20 feet of the hole, two-putting for a par.

11 440 YARDS, PAR 4

My drive was down the right side and long. The pin was left center, almost behind the pond that borders the left side of the

green. But I never worry about where the pin is on this hole, because I always hit the ball at the right of the green. I do not want to mess with that pond. I used an eight-iron and ended up 50 feet to the right of the cup: safe, but sure. Two putts gave me the par.

12 — 160 YARDS, PAR 3

A lot of thoughts went through my mind on the tee, including memories of a horrible shank that I hit here last year. I thought, "Don't chicken out, for heaven's sake, and *don't shank!*" The pin was in the left front of the green, about as tough a position as you can get, because it reduces the target area to the size of a kitchen table. I could not have hit a better eight-iron. It was very high and dropped five feet from the hole. I was so excited just to be on the green with a sure par that I did not concentrate on the putt. I hit an awful one, pulling it off to the left of the pin. It never had a chance.

13 — 475 YARDS, PAR 5

Another birdie hole. I hit a good drive around the corner of the dogleg, but found a clump of mud on the side of the ball when I got to it. The pin was tucked into the right front, awfully close to the creek that guards the green. I decided to play safe to the left and hit a five-iron. The ball got up nicely, and then sort of dove to the left, ending up about 45 feet above the hole. I had visions of rolling the ball down the hill, past the hole and into the water. So I stroked a very cautious putt that stopped four feet short. But I got my birdie.

14 — 420 YARDS, PAR 4

The wind was blowing slightly from left to right and I tried to hug the left side of the fairway with my drive. I started it too far right, however, and it kicked off the sloping fairway into the rough on the right. From there I had to punch a seven-iron under a tree limb and let the ball bounce up onto the green. Two putts from 22 feet gave me a par.

15 — 520 YARDS, PAR 5

The wind was a little bit into our faces. I wanted to hit the tee shot as hard as I possibly could, and I really killed it. It was a low, boring drive that got out about 330 yards. But I had pulled it too much, and two big trees on the left side of the fairway stood squarely between me and the green. My alternatives were to aim my approach at the grandstand to the left of the green and fade the ball in, which would have been idiotically dangerous, or aim at the 17th tee and try to hook the ball into the green. I decided on the latter course, and used a five-iron. The ball carried the water, hooked about 20 yards and ended up just off the right edge of the green, about 80 feet from the cup. I remembered from having this same chip two years ago how fast the green could be, so I just hit the ball softly with my pitching wedge, and it rolled and rolled and rolled, right down to about 18 inches from the hole. I made the birdie putt.

16 — 190 YARDS, PAR 3

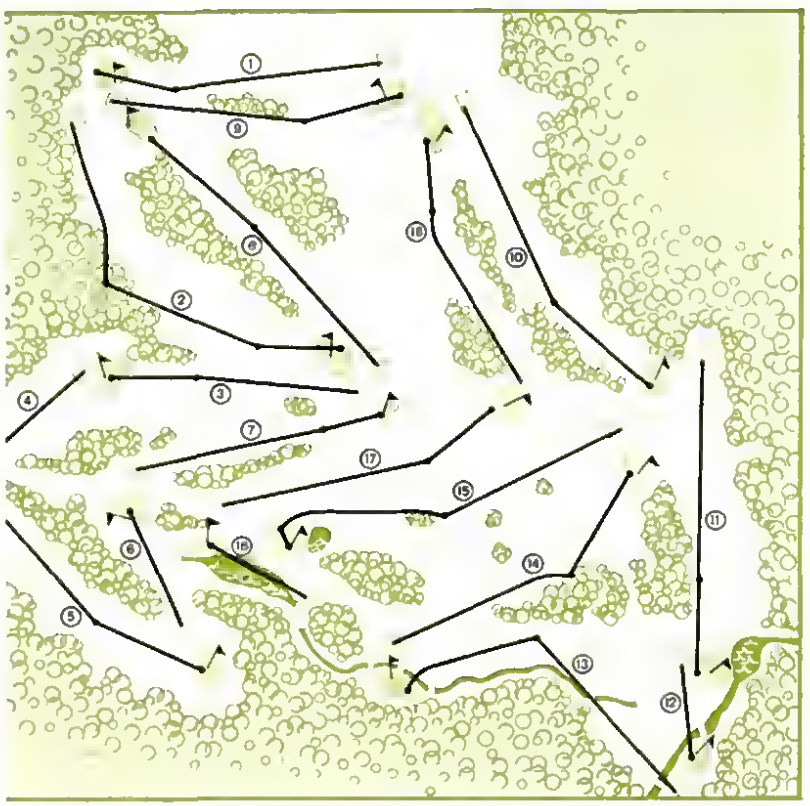
It was just after I had hit a six-iron about eight feet short of the pin that the thought came to me, "Here I am with a short putt for eight under par and a chance to tie Lloyd Mangrum's record." It was the first time I fully realized what kind of score I was shooting. The ovation I got walking to the green made me feel just great. I never got nervous about the putt. I just thought, "You've got to make this one." And I did, right into the middle of the hole. It was strange how all week my putts were going into the middle of the cup. They seldom seemed to trickle in the side.

17 — 400 YARDS, PAR 4

My drive was long, but I hit it too far to the right. I tried to force an eight-iron into the green, but it hit an upslope about 15 feet in and drew back to the front edge, leaving me a full 70 feet from the cup. The putt started uphill, then coasted down toward the hole and stopped six inches away. Frankly, I could not believe it. You just do not get putts like that so close.

18 — 420 YARDS, PAR 4

I stepped up to the tee and thought, "Well, let's not hit it to the left. Let's go all the way," and I faded the drive around the trees on the right. It was the longest tee shot I have ever hit on this uphill hole—about 320 yards. I took out a pitching wedge, but as I got set to swing, a little single-engine plane came flying low, right down the line of the fairway. So I backed off the shot. When I got over the ball again the silence was eerie. It was so quiet that you might have thought that every one of the 15,000 people around the green had gone home. I was a little too anxious with the shot, and pulled it to the left side of the green. The ball hit and rolled back about 25 feet to the left of the cup. I was not really too disappointed, just happy to be on the green and putting for a 3. It was a tough putt, rolling with the grain of the grass for the first half and against it the last half. I played it very carefully. I left it short, which was disappointing, but there was nothing disappointing about my 64. END



This map of Augusta National shows each tee and approach shot of the record-tying round. The flags indicate actual pin positions, and lines are curved when a shot hooked or sliced.

THE PLAY THAT WON THE TITLE

WALTER IOOSS JR.



As apprehensive Celtic fans leave their seats and ring the court (A), K. C. Jones (No. 25) tries to cut off Greer's throw-in and John Havlicek (No. 17) correctly anticipates the play. Philadelphia's plan is for Greer to throw to Chet Walker, take a return pass and shoot.



The game was not basketball at its best. It was ragged, and most of the players were braced, taped and bandaged, the weary survivors of a pro season that had started back in dim memory. But it had an air of epic desperation: it was Boston against Philadelphia for the Eastern Division title, and each had won three games in this best-of-seven series. This one was win or die. In the flurries of the final encounter the Celtics first led, then lagged and finally pulled ahead—with 35 seconds left to play—at 110–103. But the 76ers, led by Wilt Chamberlain, who had joined the team at midseason and had propelled them this far, closed the gap to 110–109. One basket would win it for Philadelphia. There were five seconds to shoot it—more than enough time in pro play. The 76ers called time out and decided on their strategy. When play resumed, Guard Hal Greer prepared to throw the ball in, the Celtics tried to anticipate Philadelphia's plan, and 13,909 spectators held their breath. Then came the critical play shown in these unique pictures.



Havlicak moves to intercept (B), and then, with a magnificent leap, beats Walker (C) to the ball. He deflects it toward Sam Jones (No. 24), who is cutting toward him. Jones has the ball (D) and the Celtics have the title as Jones dribbles away the last seconds.



The usual view of Sonny Liston is of a fierce, unforgiving man. But he can smile, and a writer who paid quiet attention found him to be thoughtful, generous and funny ***by BARBARA LA FONTAINE***

'HE'S JUST GOT THAT LOOK'

Your hair's white because you worry about every little thing," Sonny Liston (*see cover*) said, stirring his triple tea with lemon. If there were a market for an article about me by Sonny Liston, the week that had just passed would have been invaluable. I had been underfoot for breakfast, lunch, dinner, 5:30 roadwork, one o'clock workouts, his evening walk and the filming of a movie in Hollywood, and in our mutual observation marathon Sonny was ahead. You think he isn't noticing—you learn he has counted the nails in your shoes. But I do know some things about Sonny Liston. I know that he can't ride the unicycle in his garage, that he doesn't like breast of chicken or mushrooms, that he is imperious, that he is a regular churchgoer and that if the building were on fire or the ship were going down I would look to Sonny Liston to tell me what to do. I know that Geraldine is going to have him out doing the spring work on the lawn this week.

On my first day in Denver, Mrs. Liston invited me to the house and, without being asked, waded into what she knows only too well is on people's minds about her husband. The big bear is Geraldine's lamb, but Geraldine said, "He don't set up and grin at me all day, either. I ask him a question and he gives me an answer and he's through. He's not a grouch, he's just got that look on him.

"And all this about how old he is. I know how old Charles is—I've got his birth record. He's 33 on May 8. If he's 40 years old he's catching up to his mother pretty fast."

Geraldine was wearing Kelly green,



bright in her pale living room, which is full of tiny, fragile objects. It was difficult to imagine Sonny among them, but there was a leopard-skin rug that Geraldine says he stretches out on to watch television.

"The tour wasn't set up right," Geraldine said of the trip in 1963 which Sonny brought to an abrupt close when he flew home from London. "Everything came too close together, and everybody was sick. And then that Telstar thing came over in London [news of the bombing of the Birmingham church] and you should hear the things they ask you there, about the race problem. What are you going to say, that they did right, killing those little kids? Charles, he doesn't explain himself, but they kept bugging us, and he finally said, 'I can't take this any more.'

"Yes, we went to visit Cleveland Williams. He was pretty good when we saw him; he was eating. Cleveland, he cried. He said he knew he didn't deserve that. He wanted to fight, the police said. Charles would laugh at that.

"Charles is a good man, I don't care what the newspapers say. We've been married going on 14 years, and he acts like he loves me, whether he does or not, and he takes care of his home and that's all you can ask of a man. Charles is no preacher. I know he ought to be above reproach, I know he ought to be better than other people, but sometimes he do get into things. Like this Christmas escapade. Now you tell me, how many people don't drink at Christmastime? They have office parties. But all this to-do was over nothing. Charles wasn't driving, and they say to him, 'Get out!'

"So I call up the police station, and they say, 'No, he can't post bond.' 'Well, what did he do?' 'He was driving under the influence of alcohol.' 'Was he driving?' 'Well, no, not at the time.' There was an expert who studied the film, and he said Charles would have passed a test. But Charles wouldn't take it. They threw money on the floor and told him, 'Pick it up.' Charles said, 'You pick it up. I'm supposed to be drunk.' He said, 'If you want to lock me up, lock me up. Stop waiting for the newspapers.'

"People getting killed and shot down, and they put Charles' picture on the front page! That's stupid. They ought to be worrying about the world. He's just one little person in the world. He isn't hurting anybody. He hasn't had a wreck, he isn't beating anybody up. I don't hold up for wrong. If he was out fighting, hurting people, I'd be the first to say, 'Now you run along.'

"There was a woman on the radio here one day who said, 'People get murdered and raped, and the police never catch anybody, but every time Sonny Liston does a thing, they can catch *him*. I'm not a fight fan,' she said, 'and I wouldn't know Sonny Liston if I saw him but I'm sick of it.' "

On the way to the Listons' I had asked my cab driver what people in Denver thought of Sonny's struggles with the law. "I don't think people take it seriously," he said. "You take this cop who said he didn't know it was Sonny Liston until he got him down to the station and the sergeant says, 'Hi, Sonny.' He was following him for miles, the car says 'Sonny Liston' on it, the cop asks for his license, and he doesn't know it's Sonny Liston?" Every cab driver I was to talk to in Denver said substantially the same.

"You know what they said to him?" Geraldine asked. "They said, 'We don't want you here.' "

What exquisite sensibilities Liston has brought to light in, of all places, the Denver police and the sporting press! The Denver police are not as far along in living down their record as Sonny is in living down his; at the end of 1961 it was their distinction to have been proved the most systematically corrupt police force in the history of this country.

As for the sporting press, until Sonny came along it had never given anyone reason to suspect the mid-Victorian delicacy of its feelings. But suddenly there the sportswriters were, twittering about boxing's good name being dragged in the dust by a man with a record, a man who might be lying about his age, a man who was *rude*. He didn't talk, so the press indulged in profound analyses of his character on the basis of what he hadn't said, and speculated about his having illegitimate children. Liston has provided the press with the two great answers to two alltime dumb questions. "How long would you like to retain the title?" "Well," he said, "that's like God asking a man how long he wants to live." And, "How did you feel about losing it?" "I felt like the day the President was shot."

Teddy King, Liston's timekeeper, had invited me to dinner. He and his friend Melinda and I were sitting in his living room talking peaceably about Lent when there was an explosion in the dining alcove. Plaster sprayed across the table and smoke still hung in the air when Teddy got to the door. "Sonny? You out there?" Sonny came in, immense, unimaginable, looking pleased and happy with his firecracker. He did not look so pleased and happy when he saw me. He sat down and wordlessly dealt Teddy a gin-rummy hand—the room had shrunk by half—and I picked up *The Denver Post* and reread several articles that I had found vastly uninteresting the first time.

Finally Sonny said, "How do you like Denver?" I told him. "How do you like your job?" I told him. He asked me when I was going back to the hotel. "In an hour or so." "I'll pick you up."

He did come back, and gravely handed me into the new white Cadillac convertible. "Would you like a nightcap?" He took me to the Elks Club, everything else having closed at 8 on a Sunday night in Denver. A peculiar law, I thought. Sonny thought so, too. "If you're going to be drunk, you're going to be drunk by 8, right?" It wasn't my point, exactly, but it was a thought.

Sonny was welcomed by an Elk with a faintly apprehensive effusiveness and a deep concern as to what he might want—Sonny gives people, except for Geraldine, the feeling that they had better please him, but he offers no clue as to how he is to be pleased. It is disconcerting.

The Elks Club is a swinging place. I drank beer, Sonny drank orange soda, and we considered the scene in silence. You don't talk over the music at the Elks Club on a Sunday night. I was watching the dancers. Sonny, it turned out, was looking at the mantelpiece. "Looks like this place used to be a house," he said with interest.

On the way to my hotel Sonny pointed

continued

out the City and County Building—"That's the prettiest thing you ever saw when they decorate it for Christmas"—the capitol, with a dome covered with gold Sonny said they had found in the cellar, and the mint, which he felt he would mostly like to visit with a bushel basket. We passed a patrol car; it had the good fortune not to climb the curb in spite of the two officers virtually hanging out the window to stare at Sonny.

Some days later we passed the police again. Sonny had just leaned out his window to bark at a dog, and the police laughed. Sonny murmured something unenthusiastic. "Oh, come on," I said. "They were smiling." "Yeah, smiling," Sonny said. "They smile with one hand and write you a ticket with the other."

In Hollywood there was a press conference held, either because of Sonny's scene in Bill Sargent's movie about Jean Harlow or because of the fight with Clay in May, depending on whether you listened to the *Harlow* producer or to Harold Conrad, the fight publicity man. The Cabana Room of the Beverly Rodeo Hotel was a mess of wires and men with cameras and tripods and reporters with drinks; Sonny was smiling.

"How much do you want to weigh, Sonny?"

"212."

"What do you weigh now?"

"About 220." Somebody said that he doubted it.

"Are the Denver police trying to harass you in any way?"

"Like anything else, you can always find a bad apple. I think they're jealous of a man riding around in a fine car."

"How does it feel to be more of a hero than a villain? Clay is more of a villain now."

"It doesn't do anything."

"Does it make you feel any better inside?"

"Not exactly. You don't feel good until it's all over."

"Sonny, did you really underestimate Clay?"

"Yes, I think I did."

"How hard did you hit him?"

"I would say I didn't hit him solid at all."

"Did you discover anything about Clay?"

"I would say that I had too small sparring partners."

"Why couldn't you get Clay during the round he couldn't see?"

"I thought he could see pretty good. I could say I couldn't see too, but I can. You don't think he was telling the truth, do you?"

"You talk about your sparring partners being better."

"I got Amos Lincoln. He's 6 feet 3, and I got another one from Pittsburgh, he's 6 feet 3."

"So they'll be something like Clay in style?"

"Much better."

"Lincoln," one of the reporters said. "He says that by the time he gets a chance at you, you'll be in jail."

There was a silence. Sonny did not speak. Finally the reporter admitted, "I was kidding. Amos didn't say that."

"I didn't think Amos would say that."

"Sonny, you didn't finish the fight. Do you think if there had been no contract for another fight you would have stopped?"

"My trainer stopped me."

"Why did you let him stop you? As I remember the action that night the trainer said you stopped it."

"He asked me why I couldn't reach him."

"Sonny, how old are you?"

"Thirty-one."

"When did you stop counting?"

"How old's your daughter, Sonny?"

"Thirteen."

"The oldest one?"

"Umhumm."

Thirty-two was the figure that Geraldine had mentioned back at the ranch; be that as it may, it is difficult to convey the quality of the maliciousness of the last questions. They were baiting Sonny, in a curiously spiteful, effeminate way; the word for it would be catty—if catty were strong enough.

Someone sensible was moved to ask, "Do you think the press has been fair to you?"

"I don't think so," Sonny said. "I sold the gloves I won the title with for $800 and I gave it to cerebral palsy, and when I had my wife's surprise birthday party and there was a lot of food left over I put it in the car and took it down to skid row for the guys who can't afford anything. There's two sides to everything. If I do anything good, you never hear about it."

"Do you really want to put Clay away, or do you just want part of the $5 million? Do you want to regain the respect of the fans?"

"Yes, I do," Sonny said. "It isn't the money. The money means more to the Government."

Everybody said what a good conference it was, how nice Sonny had been. I passed Geraldine, who was saying to somebody, "As long as he's married when he comes home. Ain't no man married when he's away from home." Everything was very cheerful.

So it was certainly interesting to see the papers the next morning. It turned out that Sonny had "snarled," "snapped" and "sneered," that he seemed to have been lying about his weight; that he had embarked on a campaign to change his image. "Following a dinner party thrown by his wife he distributed the extra food to residents of skid row in Denver. Much to Liston's sorrow there were no members of the press in the area that night to write of his generosity," *The Herald Examiner* said, snidely.

The next day after breakfast there was a long stretch of lobby-sitting while we tried to find out when Sonny's scene in *Harlow* was to be shot; there was a rumor that it would be put off for two days. Sonny got on the phone and said laconically, "I got this fight coming up," and the shooting was unpostponed. Conrad had an appointment set up at 20th Century-Fox for Sonny, to discuss a role in a new movie version of *Stagecoach*, but Sonny suddenly stood up and stretched and announced that he was going to get a manicure. "A manicure—you can have a manicure anytime," Conrad said. "You can't talk to producers anytime." "Yes I can," Sonny said, leaned over Geraldine's chair, kissed her twice and walked out the door.

Sonny breezed through his fight scene that night, once an appalled Conrad had straightened out a small misunderstanding. "They thought in this scene he was going to take a dive!" Conrad said. "Can you imagine even conceiving of it!" Conrad, livid, went off to talk to the director, and the script (if there was one) was rewritten. The scene finally went off to everyone's satisfaction. We went late to dinner at Scandia—very grand—where Sonny ordered trout. "A fish?" our host, a friend of the Listons, cried. "Is that all you're eating, a fish?"

"You betting on Cassius Clay?" Sonny inquired, and Geraldine scraped at the trout. "Walnut all over it again,"

continued

Old Grand-Dad

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



The Gold Standard of Bourbon

There are many good whiskies. A few excellent ones. And finally, Old Grand-Dad...the standard by which all the others are judged. Costs a little more? Naturally. It's *the* great whiskey from Kentucky...the Gold Standard of Bourbon.

88 PROOF AND 100 PROOF. BOTTLED IN BOND

AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES • THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY



the look is sleek the fabric is cotton

Levi's Sta-Prest brings the traditionally fine tailoring of the famous Levis to these two-way stretch slacks that are 100% cotton. You'll cross your legs a thousand times without ever leaving a wrinkle. You'll wear them on the hottest days with complete comfort because their fabric is cotton—cool cotton, light cotton, porous cotton that lets the body breathe. And no matter how often these *Sta-Prest* slacks are washed, they won't lose their crease. Silver beige, pewter and faded blue.
Sizes 30 to 42, about $6.00.
Extra large, 44 to 48, about $7.00.
At America's finest stores.
Cotton Producers Institute/ National Cotton Council, Box 12253, Memphis, Tennessee 38112.

COMFORTABLE CAREFREE
100% COTTON
the fiber you can trust

she said. Conversation was desultory. It was past Sonny's bedtime, and there is nothing theoretical about Sonny's bedtime when he is in training. He reached for Geraldine's hand and subsided into a sort of predessert coma.

"You really that sleepy, Champ?" A stranger had stopped by his chair. Sonny said that yes he was. "Married to a pretty girl like that, and you're sleepy!" the man went on—recklessly, I thought. Sonny was now regarding him carefully. "We've been married a long time," Geraldine said, with saving good nature, and the man left.

Sonny ordered cherry cheesecake with two scoops of ice cream. "They used to say," he observed, "that bananas and whiskey would kill you. But I knew a man used to get a stalk of bananas and a gallon of whiskey, and he lived to be about 90." Geraldine had heard something similar about watermelon and whiskey—the whiskey cooked the watermelon inside you, or something, and it was almost certain to be fatal.

Sonny got up and swung Geraldine's chair and mine around, and we went to wait for the car. Sonny yawned. "I can't stay up," he said. "My feet swell."

"Are you really Sonny Liston?" a woman asked him. "May I shake your hand?" Sonny shook her hand. A man stopped. "Hey, Champ, you gonna win it back?"

"Got to," Sonny told him.

The next day we visited the 20th Century-Fox lot and saw the *Peyton Place* set. "That's Allison's mother's place," Geraldine said, "and there's *The Chronicle*. Mr. Herendon killed this boy's sister, but her husband went to jail for the murder."

"You talking about that story again?" Sonny said. He stopped Geraldine and with a large finger gently brushed something from her eye. "This is Mr. Herendon's shop here," Geraldine continued, unperturbed. Sonny opened the door of the Peyton Place real estate office and leaned in to shout into the dust, "All right, stick-up!"

At the airport Geraldine lost a button from her coat and couldn't tie the short ends of the threads together. "Geraldine," Sonny said, "you got two left hands." He dropped the button. "And I've got four." He fixed it, finally, with a safety pin of mine that I decided was expendable after all. On the way back to Denver he seemed just perceptibly more cheerful—he sang, in a husky private voice, all the way from the airport.



ON HARLOW SET LISTON LAUGHS IT UP WITH NICK DIMITRI AND STAR CAROL LYNLEY

At 5:25 a.m. two days later, I stood on a street corner until I heard him shout from the edge of the city golf course. With him was Chauncey Hudson, a sparring partner—if "partner" is a feasible term for a 170-pound bespectacled, scholarly-looking amateur in the ring with Sonny Liston. It is Chauncey's function to keep away from Sonny, a function he is eager to fulfill, but his success is indifferent. Sonny keeps nailing him, sort of by mistake. He is using Chauncey to increase his speed, and when you increase your speed it is harder to pull your punches, he explains. Chauncey is pronounced "Chaney" around the gym, and why not?

Sonny wore dungarees and heavy shoes, a hooded sweat shirt and jacket, a towel around his neck. He peered solemnly out of this cocoon. "How long you been there?" He and Chauncey danced around a little waiting for Sonny's trainer, Willie Reddish. It was cold. Two great birds flew over. "What are they?" I asked. "Ducks," Sonny said. "Canada geese," said Chauncey. "Yeah, geese." Sonny agreed. He looked up into a tree at another bird, a small fat one. "That's a robin." Willie drove up at 5:30. "Well, everybody's looking cheerful this morning," he said hopefully.

Sonny started off at a slow jog, and Chauncey followed. Willie and I got into the car and crept after them.

"I get the impression," I said to Willie, "that Sonny wasn't as happy about winning the title as he was unhappy about losing it." "Well, he did say, right after he became champion, 'I don't feel no difference,' " Willie said. "But after he had the title a while, it kind of grew on him. He realizes now what it meant, and he wants it back." I thought of Sonny, answering the question about whether he was going to get it back. "He didn't concentrate before," Teddy King had said. I would sooner be in the way of a laser, I thought, than in the way of Sonny's concentration now.

Three-quarters of the way around the course Sonny picked up the pace and lost Chauncey, then stopped for him, and they walked in. "Before we leave, we'll run around twice," Sonny said. "Without stopping." "We?" Chauncey

continued

inquired "We," Sonny said "Sonny's always trying to deflate me," Chauncey said. "He took my last bit of reserve when he speeded up back there." "Make you do better next time I'm gonna get you going around here full speed."

Sonny stopped bouncing on the balls of his feet and climbed the narrow pipe fence. He balanced there, a bulky, hooded silhouette, standing in air, the sun rising behind him. He walked the pipe, turned the corner, walked another section and jumped down. "I'm going to walk the whole thing," Chauncey said, and fell off after half a section. "Too fast," Sonny said. "You got to do it slow." I fell off after half a section. Sonny kindly did not comment upon my style. It was 6:15. Sonny left for home, to bring Geraldine the paper, have an egg in milk and watch the Three Stooges on television until he went back to bed.

That afternoon things tightened up a little. His first big sparring partner, Don Smith from Pittsburgh, 239 pounds, had come in the night before. He looked young, big, fit and, at the end of the workout, depressed.

"You can't get sparring partners for him," Archie Pirolli, the training-camp manager, said. "These fellows get $50-$60 a day, they have no expenses, they get the best of food, but 'Archie,' they say when I call them, 'how would you like to just drop dead?' "

Sonny started with Chauncey and ran him around the ring for a while. Then Smith. "Do you have any superstitions about which glove you put on first?" Teddy asked him politely, holding the gloves. If Smith did have, it didn't help. Finished with him, Sonny got back to Chauncey. He knocked him to his knees with a left to the ribs, then got him several times in the head, and then in the ribs again. "Time," Teddy said.

"Time," he said again. Sonny resumed chasing Chauncey around the ring. He got him in a corner and pounded at him a little; he hit him in the stomach and Chauncey went down on all fours. He got up. "Chauncey, run. Do *some*thing or other," Willie suggested, and Chauncey looked at him piteously, all mouthpiece and eyes. Sonny hit him in the head and knocked him through the ropes. "I was trying to hold you up," he said. "You were?" Chauncey said.

Sonny moved on to the big bag. "Time." Sonny began. Sweat seemed to gush from him. "Stay loose, come on, jab—good," Willie murmured. Teddy stood, small, trim, neat, feet apart, looking at the watch. "Time."

Smith was shadowboxing in the ring, panting hoarsely. Sonny, while I was in Denver, had not drawn a labored breath. "Time." Sonny left the big bag. He paced. He touched his forehead to the leather of the smaller bag, waiting. "Time." The sound of Sonny working the small bag can be almost too much to bear. You feel your nerves stretch, the explosion of the final blow is nearly painful. Fortunately, Sonny jumps rope next; Lionel Hampton's *Railroad Number One* and Sonny's soft, heavy treading-out of the music against the light slap of the rope are a little easing. Everyone stares at Sonny; sweat pours down the backs of his legs, his socks slide down over the tops of his high-laced shoes; we are all in a kind of trance.

"Don't let him get you into a corner," they say. "Now how in the world am I going to keep him from getting me in a corner?" Chauncey says later. "Sonny cuts my appetite," he went on, outside in the sun. "How?" I asked him. "Emotionally or physically?" "I don't exactly know. I don't know whether it's the tension, or what." "Why do you do it?" "I don't know that either," he said. "I ask myself. It's a challenge." I laughed. "A challenge to do what? Knock him out?" Chauncey agreed, ruefully, that knocking Sonny out did not really fall within the scope of the challenge. Maybe it was just working with the best. Don Smith was looking young and disconsolate. There were places, one felt, that he would have preferred to be.

On Palm Sunday, Sonny came straight to the gym from church, to mess up Don Smith's nose again. It bled all over his shirt, it bled all over the floor. Teddy King poured water down the back of Smith's neck, and Sonny had him hold his head under the cold water faucet.

"That guy's going to leave, isn't he, Teddy?" Sonny said later in the car. "Well, he wants the doctor to look at his nose," Teddy said. "He could have a doctor here look at it, but he wants to go back to Pittsburgh."

"Did you tell him it was the altitude?"

"*I* told him," Chauncey said. Sonny delivered Chauncey and Teddy and took me along home for dinner. I mentioned Smith's nose to Geraldine, and she said, "Charles, you hitting him too hard?"

"No," Sonny said. He came out of the kitchen and handed me a glass of orange juice with honey in it, and he shortly disappeared. He had told Geraldine he wanted to eat at 5:30, and at 6 she was fuming. "Now this does make me mad," she said. "Charles, you *know* that makes me mad." Sonny hobbled across the living room, pretending a paralyzed right leg, and kissed her.

Geraldine carved the chicken, and Sonny asked the blessing. In the middle of dinner Teddy came in, muffled in a sort of mackinaw. "Joe's here," he said, meaning Joe Louis, "but he's in bed." "He's always in bed," Sonny said. "You going to walk with me?"

He and Teddy and I went out into a cool, strange twilight. It was the evening of the day of the tornadoes farther east, and the twilight in Denver was purple and queer. Sonny and Teddy talked about Joe and kites and fertilizer for the lawn and sang, but different songs. "I always tell Charles he should make a record," Geraldine says, "and he won't. He says, 'I do one thing at a time.' "

Sonny Liston is not a Shirley Temple. But, as Geraldine points out, "Charles gives money to Gibbs and Dorsey—blind from fighting. He gives money to Johnny Saxton. What does the World Boxing Association give them? Not a crust of bread, not a quarter." Sonny helps other people; he gives time and money to causes and charities; he makes speeches, which he does not particularly enjoy doing; he visits children's homes and institutions. "That hospital in Allentown [for crippled children]," he says. "You think you've got it bad, you go there and you know you've never had a dark day." Which is to say that Sonny does assume what some call the responsibilities of a person in his position. Why does anyone want him to be a Shirley Temple? Sonny Liston is intact. It is his pride that the baiters are after. They want him to give, but he is not likely to. "I'll say he's not," Teddy King says.

"The police, they don't really bother me," Liston says with unwonted mildness when asked about them in this context. "They just all want to be Elliot Ness. If you're a gangster you want to be Al Capone. If you're a cop you want to be Elliot Ness." As to pride, apart from the police, Sonny says, "I got to win this fight, if that's what you mean." **END**



This summer you are going to look good behind bars.

Because this summer you are going to whip up the following tempting drinks. All made with Rose's Lime Juice. The lime juice made from juicy yellow West Indian limes. The only lime juice which is so tartly-sweet, so sultry, so wildly good.

1 The Gimlet: one part Rose's to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve in a cocktail glass or on the rocks.

2 The Rose's Collins: 3 parts gin, rum or vodka to one part Rose's. Pour over ice, fill with soda, stir.

3 Rose's Bloody Mary: ½ jigger Rose's, one jigger vodka, tomato juice, salt, pepper, a soupcon of Worcestershire. Shake with ice, serve in a good-sized glass.

4 The Rose's Sour: 4 parts of whiskey (or Scotch), 1 part Rose's. Shake with ice, strain into a sour glass.

5 Rose's Tonic: add a dash of Rose's to a jigger of gin, top with Schweppes Tonic.

6 The Morgarita: 1½ jiggers tequila, ½ jigger Triple Sec, ½ jigger Rose's. Shake well with crocked ice and pour into a cocktail glass whose rim has been spun in salt.

Try them all. You'll enjoy having a wild reputation.

HORSES, ROSES AND GROANING BOARDS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK



The first of the mint has already been picked, and it will be a miracle if there is a single sprig left growing in Louisville a week from Sunday. The silver trays and julep cups are shined, the lawns are trimmed and this weekend the Fillies will crown the Queen of the Derby at their annual ball. By Thursday of next week Bowman Field will be crowded with private planes, there will not be a vacant hotel room in town and the lobby of the Brown will spill its partying guests into the streets. Out on River Road the hostesses of Louisville are preparing once again to show Derby visitors what Southern hospitality is all about (see following pages), with cocktail parties, dances, dinners and that classic event—the Derby breakfast. The crush at the right is the Merle Robertsons' annual breakfast for more than 200 people in the heart of Louisville. The Robertson invitation, featuring the twin towers of Churchill Downs and attached to an actual horseshoe, nestles at left among the red roses that are the traditional flowers of America's sweetheart of a horse race.









Spring flowers, indoors and out, are as much a part of Louisville at Derby time as horse talk. At left, tulips frame Mrs. M. Brooks Brown at the W. G. Reynolds' Derby eve dinner dance. Mrs. Reynolds (above, in green) extends Kentucky hospitality, while a well-known trio of horsemen—Rex Ellsworth, Ray Bell and Warner Jones—discusses tomorrow's race. The garden of the W. L. Lyons Brown estate, Ashbourne (below), furnishes the mint and Mr. Brown's distilleries the other important ingredient for the juleps served at their yearly Derby Day breakfast.







At the Millard Cox party before the Derby, bourbon is in the glass and arrowheads are in the grass. These lush green acres, once Cherokee hunting grounds, are still full of Indian artifacts.



HAM AND HOMINY IN BOURBON TOWN

BY LIZ SMITH

It could only have happened in Louisville, where the Kentucky Derby is the lodestar of local life. A Congress on Better Living met, as it had in other major U.S. cities, to ask the people of Louisville what they wanted in the way of home improvements. Elsewhere citizens were demanding three-car garages, splashier rumpus rooms, more convenient electric outlets. Louisville's wants were entirely different. "Louisville is a most hospitable town," the magazine editor who presided over the congress said, "and the only one in which there was really *panned* discussion on what to do with large serving platters."

This plea for platter space reflected the gracious traditions of Derby hospitality. For three days every spring these gigantic ovals of china and silver must hold the aged Kentucky hams, the roast turkeys, sides of beef, Bibb lettuce salads and the acres and acres of beaten biscuits and hominy grits that fuel the 100,000-odd visitors who act as if they hadn't had a bite to eat or a drop to drink since the previous May.

The home town of America's most famous Thoroughbred event is a wicked monument to those three much-deplored fundamentalist sins—cigarettes, whiskey and wild, wild horse racing. Tobacco (nine major brands are manufactured here), bourbon (71% of all distilled in the U.S.) and the Kentucky Derby (a two-minute horse race that keeps Churchill Downs operable) are Louisville's chief supports. Like a three-legged stool, the whole thing seems a bit rickety but hangs together and sits quite well. Today the hamlet founded on the Ohio River in 1778 by George Rogers Clark is a diversified, sprawling city of 400,000, its downtown area one of the most forgettable in America, its beautiful river sullied by ugly commerce, its night life virtually nonexistent and its commercial health a slow-paced trot compared to the flash of other metropolises.

But Louisville (pronounced *Loo*-uh-vill) has compensations beyond the casual observer's wildest dreams—Lordy, yes, it has. Its beautiful estates, only minutes from town, are the onetime hunting grounds of frontier history. Why, you can almost see the Cherokees creeping through the canebrakes, and a scuff of your foot turns up perfect arrowheads and stone axes. Although actually many miles from the real bluegrass horse-farm country, Louisville has its share of showy white fences and handsome horses grazing over fields enriched by limestone —the sacred deposits that make bluegrass and bourbon possible. It has a dramatic profusion of ancient trees, fabulous flowers and scarlet cardinals—a scene that enchanted Audubon and inspired Stephen Foster to write *My Old Kentucky Home*. It has the best racial relations of any city in the South, thanks to its farsighted newspapers and its self-respecting, warmhearted people. It has all the shivery, excitement-making tradition and atmosphere engendered by Churchill Downs from the time of the first winner, Aristides, in 1875, right up to last year's Northern Dancer.

But, best of all, Louisville has unparalleled hospitality. Almost everybody entertains in Louisville during Derby Week. There is a slow buildup that starts the weekend before and rises as visitors pour in on Thursday, followed by a deluge on Friday. There is the actual heart-stopping mile-and-a-quarter Run for the Roses on Saturday, and then there is a relaxing, socializing Sunday. Only a few Kentuckians take out extra insurance, cache away their best hams and bourbon, rent out their houses and rush away to Manhattan, Europe or someplace West to avoid the fallout.

The most memorable Derby parties are, of course, the ones given by the city's social and financial leaders, the publishers, bankers and lawyers, the brains and backbones of the bourbon and tobacco industries, the horsebreeders or fanciers—all owners of Kentucky acres. A titan from this group is apt to describe himself as "an old dirt farmer" or "just a country boy." A dozen of these men are the backers of Cassius Clay, sportsmen all, men who love to take a chance, bet a winner, call a pretty girl "honey" and discuss the merits of this brand of bourbon or that breed of horse. They are deeply involved in the rituals of Kentucky entertaining, with its heritage of unselfconscious graciousness.

Their wives are charming and colorful former belles who work at the restoration of Kentucky's historical past, dabble in Louisville's cultural renaissance and know how to cope with the changing times. These ladies maintain the high standards of the mélange that makes up the delicious cuisine of Kentucky. "It's not southern cooking," says one, "but a combination of French, early frontier and Negro." They know as much about horses as their husbands and twice as much about hospitality. They don't flinch when a guest brings six others, when the grits run out in the middle of breakfast because a new cook simply could not believe people would eat so much ("now we use instant grits") or when 35 people ask for mint juleps though the hostess wasn't really planning to serve the troublesome things.

There is no Jet, International or Smart Set attitude in Louisville. The late Prince Aly Khan, arriving for a Derby, was in-

continued

Visitors bored by days of ham and turkey flock gratefully to the home of E. G. Sutcliffe (shown greeting guests) for Sunday's beef breakfast.

troduced to a local who said, "What a coincidence—man in my office is named Al Kahn." One Louisville hostess, taking a notable exception to the usual "everybody welcome" attitude, refused to change her dinner plan to accommodate the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. "Sorry," she said, "my table is filled." Louisville Society Editor Helen Leopold says, "People here do very little entertaining for self-aggrandizement. They just give parties to see all their friends, or else they entertain for business. Kentucky had a nice, simple heritage to hand down. We were never as elegant as the Deep South. Also we weren't so devastated by the Civil War."

Social climbing is hardly necessary or excusable, with everyone so friendly. Two strangers drove into the grounds of the small and exclusive River Valley Club one Derby eve, wined, dined and enjoyed themselves among the Louisville elite, thinking they were in a public place. When no one would let them pay a check, they said, "This Derby life is something wonderful," and staggered off convinced they had discovered a new kind of nightclub.

The River Valley Club, founded in 1914, is the butt of many good-natured and sometimes envious Louisville jokes. It is totally unpretentious, with no golf course, a small boat dock, a pool, a few tennis courts and about 150 members. Here is held one of the best of the Derby eve parties, lasting far into the night, calling for survival of the fittest and imposing a rigid code of silence on its participants. "No one ever knows on Monday what happened on Friday night at the *Liquor* Valley Club," goes a saying.

The fun and games begin in Louisville late in April. If they started any sooner no one would be alive at the finish line. On Friday, a week before Derby eve, the Coronation Ball is put on by 100 women who make up an organization called The Fillies. It has been described as "more like the Mardi Gras in general and nothing like the Veiled Prophet Ball in particular." Many visitors obtain invitations and take it in. This year the theme is 1875, year of the first Kentucky Derby, and the ladies will display hair from the tail of Aristides, the first Derby winner.

The next day, Saturday, the spring racing season opens at Churchill Downs. Real horse followers go that day to see the Stepping Stone, a race that gives Derby nominees a chance to go seven furlongs and try out the track.

On Tuesday dedicated horsemen turn out for the Derby Trial, a one-mile race that isn't what it claims to be, but many people watch another race—the one between the *Delta Queen* and the *Belle of Louisville* on the Ohio River, duly celebrated with fireworks. Then, on Thursday, the hotels—booked solid for Derby Week since January—begin to fill up with people grumbling about jacked-up rates, and there is the four-mile annual Pegasus Parade of elaborate floats. There also, naturally, is dancing in the streets.

Meanwhile Louisville Society is dancing at home, where most of the real Derby Week entertaining takes place. Guests begin to arrive about dinnertime Thursday, and this year, you can be sure, more than one host will receive a house gift titled *The Drinking Man's Diet*.

On Friday the program grows more formidable. Somebody gives the first of the weekend breakfasts, which are in reality luncheons, starting about 11:30 and continuing until track time. Friday is an exciting pre-Derby day because of the running of the Kentucky Oaks for three-year-old fillies.

Friday night really swings. A typical party before the River Valley Club late doings is the one given by Attorney Millard Cox and his blonde, pink-cheeked wife, Marguerite, in their River Hill Road home located in six acres of what was once merely "The Territory." Last year 150 people came to try the ham, beaten biscuits, hot crabmeat and shrimp. The Coxes took over this Friday date when retired American Commercial Barge Line Magnate Patrick Calhoun Jr. and his lady wearied of their traditional Derby eve do. (Mrs. Calhoun is much admired in Louisville for her classic remark on how she entertained: "I just put an old ham at one end and an old turkey at the other, but since there are so many people you have to put cheese in the middle.")

This year the Coxes will have a young crowd in honor of the home leave of their Marine lieutenant son, Millard Jr. Their elegant house boasts a Gainsborough painting of the 12th Earl of Derby, for whom both the English Derby and the Kentucky Derby are named. Millard Cox, who is hoping that his nominee, Shannon Run, will make it all the way to the starting gate, says of the painting, "I think this is a fine thing for us to have here in Kentucky."

Cox, a member of the Kentucky State Racing Commission, calls Derby time "a very confusing weekend." He has little patience with partygoers who forget why they are in Louisville. "Sometimes," he says, "you simply have to skip the parties and go to the races."

Another Friday night blast-off is the one given annually by Reynolds Metals Scion William G. (Billy) Reynolds and his wife at their estate, Anchorage, on Stonegate Road. Although the guests wear black tie, the atmosphere is informal and relaxed. There is dancing to a four-piece combo, and guests invariably eat supper sitting on the living-room floor. The Reynoldses live in Richmond most of the year but always open Anchorage for the Derby, bringing carloads of Virginians, attracting names in the horsy set, snagging visiting show-business personalities.

Comes the dawn, Anchorage is usually the scene of a Derby breakfast to tone up eyeball muscles before the great race. Elsewhere in Louisville others have risen with the sun to start the day rolling. Newspaper Publisher Barry Bingham and his wife feed 200 at their home, Glenview—a breakfast on small tables outdoors under the pink dogwoods.

Nine miles out on Upper River Road, in an old brick house now much added to and made into a showplace called Ashbourne, the W. L. Lyons Browns will start getting ready to repeat a social success story they have had going since 1935. Mrs. Brown says, "You never know how many may come, so you have to serve something that will stretch out more than one to a person." This year they are inviting 50 or 60 people to greet their son Martin, who is returning with his wife from France. The Browns always serve mint juleps (Mr. Brown is chairman of the board of Brown-Forman Distillers), feeling the drinks are colorful and atmospheric for visitors. Mrs. Brown poohpoohs the idea that the julep is a product of a slave era, meant to be made so individually and tenderly that it is impossible to serve properly to a crowd.

It is true she returns early to Louisville from Delray Beach, Fla. "in order to get the julep cups polished. But as for the fixings, we cut the mint early in the morning, tie it in small bunches and put it in the icebox with the cups to frost. I do the syrup ahead of time and have it in a pitcher. Of course, some Kentuckians prefer bourbon a simpler way." One of these was the venerated founder of the *Courier-Journal*, Henry Watterson, who used to give a complicated julep recipe, then say, "Now throw that all away and drink the bourbon neat."

The Derby Day breakfast given in the heart of Louisville by Liberty National Bank and Trust Chairman Merle Robertson and his tall blonde wife begins at 10:30 a.m. in their baronial-looking stone Tudor mansion perched on a hill near Cherokee Park. The Robertsons feed and water down more than 200 guests, who ooze out of the house into a large garden, or "backyard," as Mrs. Robertson calls it.

Last year the Robertsons had a rock 'n' roll band called the Carnations, a combo playing inside, an organist and local models dressed in mesh stockings and jockey silks serving drinks. The traditional menu is turkey hash, hot biscuits, grits, cheese, crackers, jelly, Kentucky ham (Kentucky ham is bigger, better and stretches farther than Virginia ham, to hear Kentuckians tell it). People eat around 1 p.m., but the Robertsons have never forgotten the year some prominent Yankees showed up on the dot of 10:30 and expected to be served a regular breakfast of coffee and eggs. They simply had to wait until the hot shrimp and chicken livers were passed about 11 and the serious drinking began. "We don't serve juleps, Bloody Marys, anything like that," says Mrs. Robertson. "But we do have or try to have every single brand with which anybody coming to the party might be connected. People are sensitive about that here. I'll tell you, a lot more people are drinking Scotch than used to."

Mr. Robertson declares this is the last breakfast, though he has been saying that for 20 years. It *is* a lot of trouble. First someone must rush downtown early to pick up cocktail napkins printed with the starting lineup. Racing forms, pencils and mementos are passed out (last year everyone got a billfold with the names of Derby winners stamped in gold). One year Robertson gave away needles as a tip on guess what horse. He also provides the men with a pint of bourbon bearing a label such as "Old Soothie." There is a horseshoe of red roses on the front door, and the Robertson invitations are always spectacular.

Although Merle Robertson is on the racing commission, the Robertsons do not own a horse, and each year they find they get to the track later and later, though they try to make the third race. (The Derby runs at 4:30 p.m.) Many of their guests stay and watch the run on television.

Mrs. Robertson would like to come as a guest to her own party sometime. Instead she supervises 10 in help, works a week ahead to prepare food and put everything—even the biscuits—in the freezer. "I let the grocery cook my hams and cut them up, but I serve every guest on china and with linen napkins—a set I keep separate just for this party. I do have to borrow some silver."

Most of the people who entertain on this scale own their own Derby boxes, prized possessions that are said to be the best loan collateral in Louisville, "just as good as Government bonds." Up to 10,000 people a year ask for boxes, and there is only a 5% turnover. All reserved seats to the Derby were gone this year by March 15, and the mad scramble to stand or sit in the infield or anywhere else is on long before 4:30. Then they're off, and in a couple of minutes it's all over. After the 15-odd starters have chalked up another thriller for sports and nonsports fans all over the world and the winner is draped with Florist Mrs. Kingsley Walker's garland of roses (she has been making them for 34 years), all the owners, trainers and jockeys of entrants in the race, plus other horsy aristocrats tapped personally by Churchill Downs President Wathan Knebelkamp, are asked to come drink champagne to the winner. This year the party will be held in a new section of the clubhouse called the Kentucky Room.

About then the Lexington group, headed by Breeder Leslie Combs II and his wife, are climbing back in their chartered buses to speed the 80 miles home to bluegrass country. There are so many Lexington horse lovers that they do not expect to be entertained in Louisville and have already eaten on the bus—box lunches containing biscuits stuffed with ham, cold chicken and pecan pies prepared at the Combses' Spendthrift Farm in Lexington. On the bus is a bar, and mint juleps are served going and coming. Back in Lexington the C. V. (Sonny) Whitneys, the L. C. Stewarts and the David Trapps will all have entertained already or will be planning something.

As the Derby elite pours out of Churchill Downs, some are sure to say: "Let's stop at Mrs. Engelhard's." A Louisville grande dame, Mrs. John Engelhard still lives on Third Street in the same pale-yellow brick town house (circa 1875), though all around her downtown Louisville is either going or gone. Her daughter, Mrs. Lewis Seiler, says, "At least she is now next door to a parking lot, so it is easy for people to stop."

Crossing her sidewalk, one sees it has been whitened, just as in the old days, with some sort of stone dressing. Inside, the food is fabulous, the service impeccable and it is cool, though there is no air conditioning. Mrs. Engelhard says she will give her party this year as usual. She is 92.

Now an exhausted or exhilarated, track-weary or full-of-second-wind crew gets ready for postmortem night of Derby Day. Some of the crowd goes, for a change of pace, to a formal sit-down French dinner given by pacesetting Interior Designer Sarah McNeal at her family's home, Lyndon Cottage. Sarah calls this her Derby-Darby Dinner, poking fun at the controversy over the U.S. or English pronunciation. Here, in a house full of lovely antiques, the guests are mostly young marrieds who left Louisville for a few years in Paris or New York, then returned home to live. The menu includes *filet de boeuf strasbourgeois*, braised endive, croissants and a fine St. Emilion '53 to intrigue the palate. Sarah remembers a year when her late mother hired a band and took it with her everywhere all Derby weekend. Now she entertains herself, because "it's no fun to go through Derby Week without doing something. You feel more in the spirit if you give a party."

When Pink Linen Dress Day, the Sunday after Derby Day, arrives, the lucky

continued

ones have Louisville's most sought-after invitation, a bid to the Elbert Gary Sutcliffes' famous luncheon up the River Road on Harrod's Creek, overlooking the Ohio River. Mr. Sutcliffe is retired from U.S. Steel, and for 26 years he and his wife have been feeding crowds at this gathering in their white Colonial home.

The owner of the winning horse usually comes to the Sutcliffes, as this is the climax of Derby Week. At 1 p.m. luncheon is served, and because Edith Sutcliffe thinks everyone is tired of ham and turkey she offers sumptuous beef tenderloin. Guests fall on it like wolves, saying, "Thank God for red meat and Edith Sutcliffe." What's more, the Sutcliffes manage to seat their 100 guests—as many as 70 in the 48-by-25-foot library, others scattered outdoors among the azaleas, weather permitting.

Mrs. Sutcliffe loves to tell of the time she tried to offer her guests entertainment. "I had some piano players, and everyone just ignored them and walked away from them. So I gave up. People only want to rehash the Derby. Yes, we serve juleps, though we don't care for them ourselves. You know, people don't want anything unusual—just beef and bourbon. I served burgoo for five or six years, but it was too messy." (Burgoo is the traditional Kentucky version of Brunswick stew. These days it is usually found only at the Sunday post-Derby barbecue of the Honorable Order of Kentucky Colonels, a charity affair attended by thousands and presided over by Anna Friedman Goldman, Keeper of the Great Seal.)

After the Sutcliffe lunch and all the similar Sunday galas, Louisville begins to thin out. When the 91st Kentucky Derby has been run next week and all those well-fed, well-watered and specially treated guests begin to stream out of Louisville, they'll know they have been to more than just America's most popular horse race. They will also have been to the nation's most neighborly, most generous and most grandiose eating and drinking contest.



The week's festivities nearly over, guests of Sarah McNeal attend postrace dinner behind dramatic porch draperies.



A MORLEY VIEW OF SPORT



Participation in anything but games of chance eventually damages the brain, says the famous British actor, busy (above) at his favorite occupation of betting the horses at Newmarket ***by ROBERT MORLEY***

I have, for the better part of my 56 years, examined two allied facets of life—games and gambling—with considerable care, and I am at last prepared to set forth Morley's Three Laws:

1) The ball is man's most disastrous invention, not excluding the wheel.

2) There is only one kind of game worthy of human time, thought and esteem, and that is a game of chance.

3) Morley's First Law is to be ignored in the case of roulette balls.

This strikes me as a basic credo straightforwardly put, but do not be deceived by its simplicity, for it is the distillation of a great deal of experience and consideration, as you shall see.

Take the sinister matter of the ball. Essentially, I am against the wheel, too, but the wheel does occasionally get man moving. The ball holds him remorselessly in thrall. Many people, and I am in the forefront of their ranks, teach that life is far too short to spend time on sport or exercise. When sport and exercise are indulged in simultaneously, during a game of golf, for instance, a man is not only wasting precious hours of his life span and hustling himself into the grave, he is becoming noticeably more foolish. *All sport eventually damages the brain.* Statistics prove that boxers and fox hunters show the most rapid deterioration and, after them, polo players—both mounted and afloat. The fact that polo, which is a game played by only four on a side, should figure so high on the list does, unfortunately, cast some question on the theory of one of my favorite scientists, Dr. Mandlekopt, that, while all games frustrate, the ratio of frustration is governed directly by the ratio of players to ball. Thus cricket, employing 22 to a ball, was considered by Mandlekopt more likely to damage the brain than, say, golf, where the ratio is normally one player to a ball. In Mandlekopt's experiments with rats, and later with professional tennis players, he was able to show that habitual doubles players are a good deal less stable mentally than habitual singles players. But tennis, as Mandlekopt himself pointed out, is by no means the ideal experimental field, and it is to be regretted that the attempts by this brilliant theoretician to train rats to play baseball proved unsuccessful. We might have learnt a great deal.

I was fortunate in that my understanding of the dangerous ball-vs.-human relationship came to me early. I was unique as a child, not only because I never wished to strike, kick, carry or throw a

continued


Arrow Cum Laude. Traditional
button-downs in a woven cotton check.
Back collar button, box pleat,
trim taper. Hanger loop on his.
Short collar points,
roll-up sleeves on hers. "Sanforized":
Lots more colors. $4 each.
Wherever you go you look better in Arrow.
ARROW
BOLD NEW
BREED

© [illegible] PRODUCTS DIVISION OF THE NATIONAL BREWING CO., BALTIMORE, MD. • OTHER PLANTS: DETROIT, MICH. • MIAMI, [illegible]



If they don't have it where you live...MOVE!

Colt 45 Malt Liquor—a completely unique experience

ball, but because, despite all the efforts made by adults and other children to corrupt me, I steadfastly refused to do so. Having read that in cricket a player was out if he knocked down his own stumps, I invariably proceeded to do so to mine as soon as the ball left the bowler's hand. I was on my way back to the comparative peace and quiet of the pavilion long before the keeper had reset the wicket. However often I was punished, the score in any cricket match in which I took part read, "Morley hit wicket 0." Where other games are concerned, in which there was no provision made in the rules for absenting myself, I took care to keep as far away from the ball and any action as possible. I would infuriate my comrades when cast as goalkeeper by politely stepping aside and inviting the ball to enter the net, although I remember an occasion when my conduct drew a round of applause from the opposing side. It was with mutual relief that I withdrew entirely from school and playing fields at the age of 16. Since then I have never played any games, except those of chance.

It is not just that I enjoy gambling. I am happier indoors than out and happiest of all in a casino. It was from my father that I inherited my taste for chandeliers and green baize. He was a dedicated gambler who on his wedding morning solemnly promised his bride he would never again touch a card or bet on a horse, and then carried her off to Monte Carlo for the honeymoon. He was as incapable of not gambling as my mother was of understanding him. In the summer father used to take us to Dieppe or Boulogne, and in the afternoons he would disappear into The *Rooms* as soon as they opened, leaving us to amuse ourselves after arranging for us to meet him for ices on the casino terrace on our way home. Sometimes he would not turn up, and we would have to pay for our own refreshment and go soberly home, but there were wonderful evenings when father would be waiting for us, the table loaded with extravagant treats and a large casino plaque on each of our plates. Take them, he would tell us, before the rats get them. And take them we did, and we never lingered when father had gone back to the tables lest, as happened on occasions, he should emerge once more to ask for them back.

That was something else my father taught me. When you've got the money, spend it; it's of very little use in banks. How he hated banks. He was outraged by their ostentation. Banks, he affirmed, should be hidden up alleyways like brothels. Theirs was a disreputable trade, borrowing money and lending it out again at vastly increased rates of interest. Of course they make money, he would tell me. Any fool could make money doing what they do. But what really infuriated him about banks was their reluctance to advance him money on his father's estate. He had what was called in those days—and, for all I know, still is—reversionary interest. This meant he was not encouraged to touch the capital. He spent much of his time, when he was not doping the form sheets, working out ways of breaking his father's will and getting his hands on what he affectionately referred to as "the ready."

His efforts were only partly successful, and toward the end of his life he lived in a state of perpetual financial crisis. When all else failed he would retire to bed with a revolver under his pillow and, summoning one of his family, would invite him or her to shoot him out of hand. When the offer was declined father would hold the revolver to his temple and beg to be left alone so he could pull the trigger. "No need for you to stay, it will only upset you," he would say. Of course, we always did stay, and father never shot himself, but the strain eventually became too much for my mother and toward the end of their lives my parents separated. They never met again but each spoke of the other often.

My mother was wont to harp a good deal upon her cabinet of silver articles. She had been accustomed to a silver cabinet all her life, and it was a rude shock to her to return home one afternoon comparatively early in marriage to find that my father had carried it off lock, stock and sugar caster to the pawnbroker, from whom he never managed to reclaim it. She missed my father I think, but she talked more about missing the cabinet.

Life was a good deal quieter after he had left home, but I continued to see him, and he remained, although beset by disappointments, extraordinarily cheerful. Most gamblers are optimists; it is in the nature of their calling. They are always on the brink of making a fortune, whereas rich men are usually worrying lest they lose one. My father was the best loser I ever knew. Mother said it was because he had so much practice. The only time he ever appeared anxious or preoccupied was during one of his infrequent winning streaks. Most times he would return from the track whistling cheerfully and swinging his race glasses. If he came back silently and apprehensive we knew he was in the money and fearful lest if his luck continued he might really have enough to stop. Gamblers are not interested in how much they win or lose; all they care about is being allowed to go on gambling.

As it was with my father, so it is with me, and I am never really happy in a country where gambling is outlawed. In America, although I am often lucky enough to be able to combine my professional activities with visits to the races or even to Las Vegas, I do resent not being able to place a bet away from the track. I am not so innocent as not to know that this can be done if you know the ropes, but betting off the course in America is not made attractive to the visitor. In England, with a betting shop round most corners, life is a good deal pleasanter. It is not nearly so difficult to get through a working day if at the back of your mind is the knowledge that by 6 o'clock in the evening you may be worth a fortune. As I sit here writing these words I am conscious that if I have correctly foretold the winners of two big horse races this week I may never have to finish this article and you may not have to bother to read it. But if at this moment you are reading it, gentle reader, you will know that I have been proved wrong on this as on previous occasions and have already earmarked a proportion of the fee I shall receive for another small flutter. It is the flutter that keeps most people sane in Britain, keeps them turning lathes and shaving customers and pounding typewriters.

I have discovered, to my personal chagrin, that the man accustomed to unrestricted gambling faces other pitfalls in America. I remember a visit to Santa Anita not too long ago when I put a seemingly ordinary question to one of the uniformed guards. I asked him where I might find a telephone.

"You want to make a phone call!" he said, and he looked at me in amazement. "Your best bet would be to walk along Highway 66 for about half a mile until you get to a drugstore."

"Surely I can telephone from here?"

continued

The guard continued to stare at me unbelievingly, but he said nothing further. I was to take it that the conversation was at an end.

A man operating an elevator laughed when I asked him. "That's a tough one," he said. "They cut the phones off an hour before post time."

"But there must be some lines open. There might be an earthquake or a fire?" He thought about this. "In an earthquake," he opined, "the lines would probably be cut anyway." Then he added that I might try Betty.

Betty, when I eventually found her, was sitting behind a desk marked Clubhouse Reservations. I explained all I wanted to do was to ring the studio, that I got away from the set only by promising I would call them as soon as I arrived at the track. The director might be ready to shoot one of my scenes later this afternoon and I would have to go back. I said I was making the film with James Stewart. Betty looked at me thoughtfully. And Sandra Dee, I added. That did it. Betty handed me the phone. "If you mention racing I shall cut you off," she warned. I was not needed back at the studio, but I had made the gesture. There are something like 75 consecutive days of racing at Santa Anita. I did not want to miss more of them than I could help.

It is extraordinary, considering how much better racing is run in America than in Britain, that it is not more enjoyable. For one thing, one misses the bookmakers. There is no hurly-burly. One can sometimes get the better of a bookmaker, but it is not easy to get the better of a totalizator. In America there is a lag in the status rating of bookmakers. Like nurses, they are not as highly thought of as in England. Bookmaking is, of course, generally illegal. Nursing is still permitted, although very few people in America can afford to be nursed.

Once, long ago, there was a gambling club out at Palm Springs. The only time I walked in there I realized I had come too early. There are few more expensive predicaments than being first in a casino. Too many croupiers chasing too few counters. I was out again almost at once, having lost three hours' spending money in 10 minutes. When you are the only player at the roulette table, the wheel has a feeling of personal animosity toward you. If I am to make my fortune gambling, I shall have to manage it in England.

There have been times when, besides dreaming of making my fortune on the racetrack, I have taken more positive action and actually invested in bloodstock, or, to put it more simply, bought one of the creatures and raced it myself. Not that an owner has much say after he has signed the purchase check. It is the trainer who decides policy, where the horse shall run and in what company. The horses I have owned were never quite in the top class and were usually entered to race at small and remote tracks, so that on occasions I had the greatest difficulty in seeing them run and getting back in time to play in the theatre. Moreover, they always seemed to run quite late in the afternoon, and it often happened that I got more excitement during the race back to London than I did watching my horse come in unostentatiously at the rear of his field. Not that I did not have an occasional winner, once or twice enjoying that marvelous feeling of pride as you stand in the winner's enclosure trying not to look too pleased with yourself and wondering how much to give the jockey.

But for me the joy of owning a horse is the anticipation. I usually buy them as yearlings, selecting them myself on the spur of the moment and by some quirk of fancy and bidding against the professionals at the Newmarket Sales. Needless to say, if I do secure the one I am after, there is usually some flaw in its conformation or pedigree of which I am, and remain, profoundly unaware. The next thing is to find someone willing to train it, and here I have always been fortunate. Except for the fact that no trainer of racehorses understands about matinees and that I do not want my horses to run on Wednesday or Saturday afternoons, there has never been a cross word between us. Some English trainers are absurdly autocratic and behave to their patrons like schoolmasters to parents—but not the ones I have had.

I usually buy my champion in October, and afterward I visit him as often as possible for the next six months, noting with delight his progress, admiring the way he stands in his box and sharing with the boy who looks after him the conviction that at last I have the Horse of the Year.

Early spring is the time when optimism is at its peak. "I will tell you one thing about that little horse of yours," my trainer will say. "He's the best mover I have in the yard." In the yard? I inquire cautiously if he has been tried on the training grounds. "No," replies the trainer. "But he'll go all right. He'll win you a race or two, you can depend on that. But we mustn't hurry him."

No, we certainly mustn't hurry him, and hurry him is the last thing we do.

continued



HAPPIEST OF ALL in a casino, though he frowns with concentration here, Morley plays roulette at Mayfair's Pair of Shoes Club, whose clientele includes actors and financiers.

Why do so many men ask me the same question?



YOU WOULD ABSOLUTELY not believe, darlings, how many men have asked me what right I have to recommend a pipe tobacco. *All I can say to them is this—if men can talk about what is good in a bathing suit then why can't I talk about what is good in a pipe?*

After all, I am only doing men a favor when I recommend Masterpiece Tobacco. I adore the aroma. And knowing that he is smoking a fine tobacco like Masterpiece gives a man that *je ne sais quoi* that gives a woman confidence in him.

Some men have all the money and don't know how to live. Because, it is not money darlings, it is that wonderful something that we call good taste that makes a man interesting to a woman. And it is men of good taste that I see smoking Masterpiece pipe tobacco.

So I recommend Masterpiece, darlings, because when the men who make it, as well as the men who smoke it, tell me it is a very fine pipe tobacco, I must believe them. After all, *if a woman cannot believe what men tell her, what is left in life?*



Roll-up pouch, imported from Denmark, 2 oz. Or Twin-seal humidor, 16 oz.

Discover Masterpiece Pipe Tobacco!

A master blend of the five great pipe tobaccos of the world—Latakia, Perique, Virginia, Turkish, Burley.



Nothing can take the press out of Lee-Prĕst slacks.

Not that it's on his mind right now. And it needn't be. Those Lee-Prest Leesures can't help but stay crisp and neat. No matter what you put them through. They have a new permanent press. So the crease stays in. The wrinkles stay out. Permanently. And that's without ironing. No touch-ups, either. They're made from Lee's special blend of 50% polyester and 50% combed cotton. For wash and wear... with conviction.

Incidentally, that permanent press is the only change we've made in Leesures. They still have that lean, honest look... smart, tailored fit. New Lee-Prest Leesures. Test their permanent press yourself. It isn't necessary, but it's a great way to spend an evening. From $5.98 to $7.98.

Lee-PRĕST™ Leesures®

PERMA-PRESS PROCESS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. REG. TRADE MARK

H. D. Lee Co., Inc., Kansas City 41, Mo.

While other 2-year-olds are out winning races in March, mine have usually not seen a racecourse until midsummer. But then one day the trainer will ring me up: "That horse of yours. He's still a bit backward, but I thought perhaps we might give him a run next week. I've entered him on Saturday."

"Saturday won't do," I tell him. "You know I can't get to the races on Saturday. I'm working."

"Are you now? Well, that's a shame. Couldn't you just forget about the theatre for once? I think your horse would enjoy a bit of a gallop."

"Will he win?" For a moment I dream of a coup made all the more profitable by the absence of the owner and the consequent lulling of the bookmakers into a false sense of security.

"Will he win? No, I can't say he's likely to win, but the track will suit him. Mind you, he's entered next week, but there are one or two useful animals in that race. Of course, it's on a Tuesday, which might suit you better."

We decide to run him in the race with the useful ones. There was a time when I thought the trainer believed my horse to be useful, but his optimism seems to have diminished. Mine, for some reason, has increased enormously. I am practically the first person at the track on Tuesday, certainly the first owner to pin his complimentary badge into his buttonhole and make for the bar to be served his complimentary drink. I am too excited, however, to eat my complimentary luncheon. My trainer, when at last he shows up, does not seem excited at all. "We shall have to wait and see which of the other horses are fancied," he says.

The waiting is pleasurable; by now I have decided we shall win. I know from experience the caution of trainers. That he expects my horse to run a good race can only mean he is confident at least of getting into the money. I do not see my trainer again until just before post time, when the horses are saddled and I am introduced to the jockey. By now I have made, for me, a large bet on my horse to win and an even larger one that he will be in the first three. I think it as well to apprise the jockey and my trainer that I am financially involved.

"I have had a small bet," I announce cheerfully.

The jockey looks startled. "What on?" he inquires.

continued

Some men wouldn't think of lounging around in anything but Keds Brass Ringers



Some men
feel the same way
about playing
in them.

Even if the only game you play is one-upmanship, you're the winner in Keds Brass Ringer. It's the lace-to-toe oxford that's long on looks. Those pull-proof eyelets are gleaming brass. Strong on comfort. It has Keds famous shock-proof arch cushion and cushioned insole. Washable cotton duck in sporting shades of dark green, navy, faded blue and china as well as traditional white. Get a pair. It will be a long time before you need another.

Keds

U.S. RUBBER

'BOTANY' 500 TAPERED-TRIM DESIGN

...IN SPORT COATS AND SLACKS



THE NATURAL GENTLEMAN LOOK

Tapered-Trim designed for the slimmer, trimmer look . . . with the same soft tailoring, natural shoulders and pleatless trousers as available in 'Botany' 500 Natural Gentleman suits...are here for you in these Sport Coats and Slacks. Tailored with the Daroff Personal Touch . . . in a variety of custom-selected fabrics.

For free booklet, "Secrets of Tapered-Trim," and name of nearby clothier, write H. Daroff & Sons, Inc., 2300 Walnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa. (A subsidiary of Botany Industries.) Prices slightly higher in the West.

THE CLASSIC LOOK

extremes . . . except "extre
Design gives you the lear
Personal Touch tailoring provides
man demands, even in his sports ap
for the Classic manner, in a rich arr

Woman's fashions by Korat of Califo

These sport coats and slacks improve your appearance, comfortably and casually. This magnificent leisure wear has the exclusive Tapered-Trim Design, providing the highly desirable slimmer, trimmer, athletic look. 'Botany' 500 Sport Coats and Slacks, tailored with the Daroff Personal Touch, are available in the "Look" to suit your personal taste, as illustrated and described below. Fabrics include DAROLITE (Dacron® polyester—Worsted) and other fine fabrics. America's greatest casual wear quality-value: Sport Coats $39.50 and up; Slacks $16.95 and up. **Sanitized® for hygienic freshness.**



. Here is casual wear that avoids all
ıely handsome". The Tapered-Trim
ɜst of the lean in looks. The Daroff
he impressive distinction the Classic
ɜarel. The fabrics are custom-selected
y of new shades.

fia. Photographed at Vanderbilt Estate.

THE FORWARD FASHION LOOK... Fashion takes no holiday in these magnificent 'Botany' 500 Sport Coats and Slacks, Tapered-Trim designed for the slim, athletic look. They express the newest nuances of the world's most fashionable resorts, modified for the American taste in custom-selected fabrics.

'BOTANY' 500® *TAILORED BY* **DAROFF**



Olin is a chemical attraction.

Olin chemicals lead to attractive results. With rouge that keeps its blush. Perfume that lasts. Mascara that won't run. Olin chemicals keep deodorants from sticking. Cold cream from flaking. They make water wetter. Soap cleaner. Lipstick smoother. You may not know an Olin chemical is there. But it makes a memorable impression.

Chemicals · Metals · Packaging · Squibb · Winchester-Western · International

"Ours, naturally."

The jockey looks at the trainer as if in search of guidance. "He'll run a good race. Just keep him up there with the others and let him go if he wants to. Don't hit him," says my trainer. He helps the jockey into the saddle, and we hurry to the rails to watch as my champion canters to the post. He moves with wonderful style, ears pricked, hoofs drumming. I decide to increase my bet, and having done so climb to the top of the stands to the enclosure marked "Owners." From there I watch the race, in which, more often than not, my horse does what is expected of him. But not by me, of course. He comes in neither first nor last but somewhere in between. There may or may not have been a moment when he was momentarily leading the field, a moment perhaps when he was failing it. His performance is in every way unremarkable, but none of us is entirely dissatisfied. The jockey dismounts, and I thank him politely.

"He'll win a race," he tells me. "He's still a bit green."

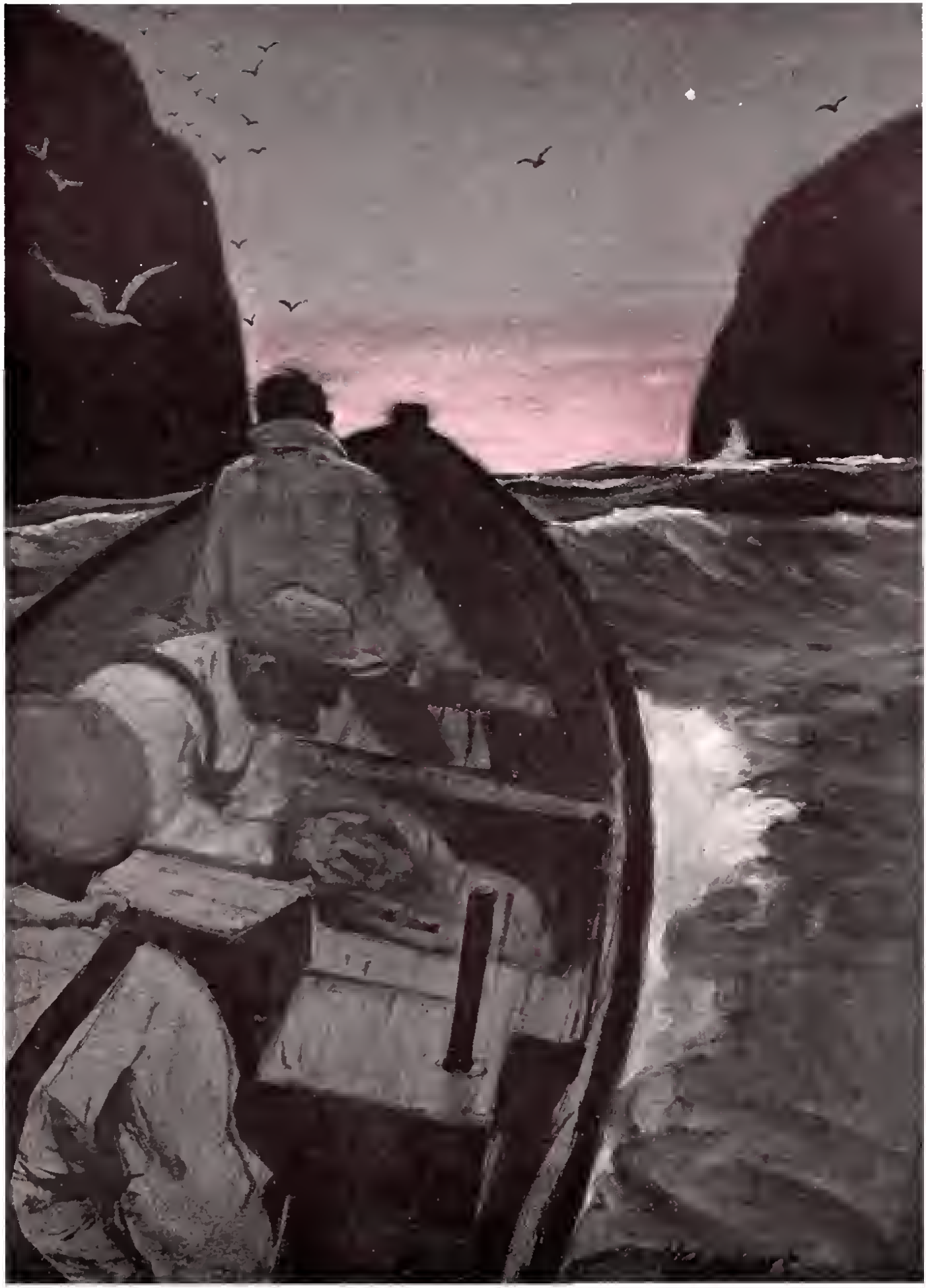
My trainer is equally encouraging. "A very fair effort. He was running on at the end nicely. We'll rest him for a bit and run him again. He's still growing."

Yet next time he runs I am just as confident, just as hopeful. I still believe that my horse is going to surprise them all. However many times he has performed already on the racetrack and however much he may have disappointed, I am more convinced than ever that he has latent powers unsuspected by all but myself and that this time he is not only going to win but to break the track record.

I haven't got a horse at the moment, but next October, perhaps, all being well, I shall buy a little chestnut yearling whom no one else seems very keen about and I shall put him in training in the spring, when he will be the best mover in the yard, and quite soon after that he will start to win races and he will go on winning them with impossible weights under impossible conditions until, crowned with glory and loaded with honor, he will retire to the stud to beget other champions, though none quite as great as himself. And I? I shall retire, too. Rich, of course, but, what is even more important, famous as the owner of the greatest racehorse of all time, a man who started from quite humble beginnings in the theatre. **END**



Imported by Lyles Berman & Assoc. Inc., Beverly Hills, Calif. Blended Scotch Whisky 86.8 Proof



A COLD DAWN RUN FROM WITLESS BAY TO EREWHON

A man must be three things to enjoy jigging for codfish in chill northern weters: e meeochist, with hends bleeding; e poet, heering the song of eeebirds' criee; and e gourmet, reveling in the teete of the succulent, fresh-cooked fieh

by ***FRANKLIN RUSSELL***

One hour before dawn on a day last summer, balanced in the bow of a Newfoundland punt, I headed out from Witless Bay toward an extraordinary fishing and gastronomic adventure. Yet the codfish, which I was to hunt, is not a game fish or a gourmet delight. It only becomes exceptional when caught and cooked in a certain way.

I am biased about Newfoundland's primeval pleasures. I was happy that morning, even though I was freezing under two undershirts, a thick work shirt, e cashmere pullover, e nylon jacket and a sheepskin longshoreman's jacket. My boatmen, Henry Yard and Bill White, two fishermen from Witless Bay, were drenched in spray from the violently pitching boat which, rising and falling six feet, sent white spume flashing away from black waves. I was happy, even though it made me ill to look at the stars wheeling overhead.

That uncomfortable moment was utterly memorable because I was about to realize two tantalizing dreams: to jig a cod and to eat a gut-busting meal of fresh-caught fish cooked on the high seas. Childish? Maybe. Few nonfishermen ever manage it, because it is almost impossible to equate a violently pitching boat with a big meal and the average human stomach. But anyone who catches his cod this way, and eats it too, comes ashore with the expression of a man who has seen Erewhon and returned.

It is an experience that combines physical hardship, perhaps some danger, the crudest known method of catching fish and a cuisine unchanged for a thousand years. It is, in short, a way of plumbing the simple side of man's nature, the part of him that wants to return to uncomplicated things.

Bill White had warned me that there was no assurance of success We had walked along the narrow track winding among Witless Bay's tiny frame houses at 3 o'clock that morning. "The cod may not be ready to jig," he said. "That's a possibility. It's only at certain times we can jig them, and only some years."

We were joined by Henry Yard, White's partner, a shy, taciturn man whose longest sentence was five words. "Nice morning," he said, referring to the clear sky and the 41° temperature. "But cold." I agreed it was great, and we clumped down to the slipway.

We made slow progress against the heavy swell. The old single-cylinder engine amidships barked and raced. Ahead I could see two islands that lay in shallow water athwart the entrance to Witless Bay—Gull and Green islands. The cod legions swarmed around these islands at that time of year. The islands are host to hundreds of thousands of seabirds which, like the cod and the fishermen, find Witless Bay an extraordinary hunting ground.

The horizon was a band of vivid colors, and I heard bird cries rising and falling. Green Island was a Norman castle. It rose vertically, and a hundred thousand birds capped its turrets.

continued

Behind me Bill White bawled a question over the hiss of foam and the clatter of the engine: "Did you ever see anything like *that*?"

The red rim of the sun appeared, remote and heatless. On the water the air was near freezing. I did not need to be reminded how close the Arctic was.

Henry Yard cut the engine, and we wallowed in the lea of Green Island. Seabirds lanced overhead, like crossbow bolts from the castle.

"Give Mr. Russell the jig." Henry Yard said.

Bill White took the jig and line from the locker and threw it toward me, but my hands were so frozen I could not open them to catch.

The jig is a crude lead weight, shaped to resemble a small fish. In it are buried two or three substantial hooks. I had read about jigging, but nothing I read seemed to jibe with anything I knew about catching fish. Such a moronic device would not fool any fish I had ever known.

The origins of cod jigging are long since lost. Jigging may have been developed when early man found that the cod sometimes are so voracious they will strike at almost anything

I lowered eight fathoms of line into the water. The weight hit the bottom, and I drew the line up slightly. In the stern I saw Yard and White let their lines down, then draw them up sharply about two feet, letting them fall again, drawing up again.

On my second pull the line snagged on something and tautened.

"He's got something," White said to Yard.

I knew they were looking at me, but I was absorbed in testing the weight on my line. I felt no thrill, nothing like seeing a fly gulped down, a troll seized in a flurry of water. Instead, I felt disbelief. How could a chunk of lead and a bare hook trap oceanic fish? There *were* no cod down there.

I drew up the line. It jerked and tugged against me. Even this did not prepare me for the fish that lashed into sight. I yanked the line up over the edge of the boat, and 30 pounds of codfish flopped at my feet, a glistening brown-backed monster.

"A big one," Henry Yard said.

Both men were hauling fish into the boat. I was fascinated. I couldn't believe it. Down went my jig again, and this time one pull brought the heaviness, the struggle the frantic, hand-over-hand haul on the line. I caught a second fish, a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. It *was* unbelievable. Blood streamed from my fingers as I pulled up the 10th fish, but I felt no pain.

I became a savage. Catching fish was an act of ritual slaughter. I was a gunner surrounded by his prey, no bag limit and insanity in his soul. The fish came up endlessly—20, 30, 40. I lost count. Reality disappeared as the pile of fish deepened around my feet.

The fish poured into the boat. White and Yard caught them quickly and expertly. I had the mad thought that we might catch cod until the boat sank. I slipped and fell on fish, kicked them aside, felt them slither around my ankles, rise to my calves.

My jig brought up a 15-pound fish snagged under the bottom jaw. It brought up a 20-pound fish with the jig driven through its abdomen. One small fish was caught in the tail and, inevitably, two fish came up together, one caught in the belly, the other hooked in the jaw. None of the fish actually had been hooked in the mouth. It was as though the bottom of the sea were blanketed with fish. My blind jig ripped through them and caught anything unfortunate enough to be in the way.

We caught fish until it became a monotony of aching arms and shoulder muscles and lacerated hands. I guess we had at least 2,000 pounds of fish, and there seemed no end to the cod.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the jigging was over. My jig sank and remained passive.

"They're gone," Henry Yard said.

It was like a door closing. I felt the fish draw away. For a brief, murderous hour I had met a part of myself I had not known existed. My hands were bloody and caked with slime; the right palm was blistered and ripped, a ghoul's hand. I was bathed in sweat, and the arctic wind felt like cold steel pressed against my forehead. My eyes smarted with salt.

Henry Yard moved methodically around the stern. From a locker he dug out a small armful of wood. He laid pieces criss-cross on a metal plate, splashed some gasoline on them and set them on fire. Earlier, he had peeled potatoes and laid pieces of pork fat in a black cast-iron frypan. Now he rummaged through the fish at his feet and held up a small, well-formed fish, about eight pounds. While the pork fat was hissing and crackling, he handed the fish to Bill White. Both men examined it.

continued



new dimensions

IN DRIVING TOMORROW...

envisioned here by a leading automotive illustrator, will feature easy uni-lever steering and full-vision bubble top.



IN DRIVING TODAY... WITH KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES ON YOUR CAR!

Today and Tomorrow, Kelly-Springfield opens up new dimensions for you in tire styling, in tread wear, in safety. How? Through advanced engineering . . . latest manufacturing methods . . . smart appearance . and more. All backed by over 70 years' experience building top-value, top-performance tires.

New dimensions in styling—Take the new KELLY-SPRINGFIELD CELEBRITY Nylon, shown here. Note the distinctively modern Grip-Around Tread . . . the new thin-line whitewall . and imagine how this tire would dress up your car

New dimensions in tread wear—CELEBRITY's massive 4-rib tread is wider and deeper . . . puts 5% more rubber on the road . . . and gives you more mileage than original equipment tires. And *that's* bonus mileage for your tire dollar!

New dimensions in safety—Improved Armorubber tread with Polybutadiene tension-tempered all-nylon body . Heat-Guard Protection against heat-caused tire failure—no wonder CELEBRITY is 13% stronger than original equipment tires. See the newest CELEBRITY in town (and the complete Kelly-Springfield line) now at your Kelly-Springfield Dealer.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, Cumberland, Md., U.S.A., in Canada Cooksville, Ont.

SPECIAL OFFER! Get a sensational Scale Model Kit and build the KELLY-SPRINGFIELD CAR OF TOMORROW pictured above! Features include operating bubble top, steerable front wheels, operating hood. Now only $1.00 at your Kelly-Springfield Dealer, or rush your name and address with $1.25 direct to: The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, Cumberland, Md.

NEW! The KELLY-SPRINGFIELD CELEBRITY Nylon with Grip-Around Tread for more cornering power, handling ease and style

new dimensions in driving

Available also at most Sunoco

KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRES

on the safer Kelly road

Stations displaying the Kelly-Springfield sign!



MAVEST sport coats with "Dacron" let you relax—in style. Take this good-looker. (You can for about $42.50.) "Dacron" keeps it well-pressed, keeps you well-dressed through any weather. The luxurious fabric: 55% "Dacron"* polyester, 45% worsted wool. At Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Lazarus, Columbus; The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit; G. Fox & Co., Hartford; Dayton's, Minneapolis; Levy's, Nashville and Madison, Tenn.; and other fine stores. Ask for Mavest sport coats with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark.

Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes

Better Things for Better Living *through Chemistry*

DU PONT

White hefted it, nodded and took out his knife.

As he did, a knot of hunger tightened in my stomach. The smell of fat frying in the arctic air and the prospect of eating fresh fish gave me a feeling of well-being and anticipation I had never experienced.

Bill White's knife went into the belly of the fish, ripped downward and the entrails flopped out. "Now," he said, "the best parts of the cod usually go to waste because people don't know about them. But there's some real delicacies here." His knife slid into the cod, and he isolated an organ with his fingers. He cut it free, then smoothed it out on a hatch cover. It was the cod's stomach. He ran his knife across its surface, cutting it into rows of nodules to prevent the organ's curling.

"This is great when you fry it," he said.

In went the knife again.

"Now then, this," he said, holding a tiny red organ between thumb and forefinger. "This is the greatest delicacy of all, the heart. Some people have the patience to take the hearts out of a hundred fish to make a small meal. I've seen fellers at fish plants digging them out of cod and eating them raw."

He used the knife again, and out came a reddish mass of globules, about six inches long.

"Some people like this," he said. "The roe. But I don't eat it." He tossed it over the side. Overboard with the roe went the long pink mass of cod liver, which is prized by deep-sea gourmets when grilled over a birchwood fire, dunked in salt water and eaten scalding hot. I asked him about the liver, but White dismissed it. "Too rich," he said.

With the cod cleaned, he split the fish, then ran his knife along the backbone, isolating a narrow strip of white gristle. "This is what we call the sound," he said. "Delicious, but you need a hundred to make a meal." It went over the side. He beheaded the fish, and I knew what was coming next.

"You've eaten cod tongues?" he asked. I said I had.

It has always puzzled me that cod tongues are not on the menus of good restaurants everywhere. They are in the filet mignon-caviar class. Perhaps they must be fresh, or they would be better known. No matter. *I* have had them. White ran his knife around the inside of the bottom jawbone and plucked out the thick mass of gristle and white flesh. It is called the tongue, though it is nothing of the sort. It is fatty tissue from the bottom jaw. He was about to throw it overboard when I caught his hand.

"I'll cook it," I said.

He flung the head overboard. Two more delicacies, the cod's cheeks and the head itself, had gone into the water.

In the meantime Henry Yard had chopped the cod into chunks. He piled cut-up potatoes, onions, cod and lumps of fried salt pork into a large cast-iron pot and added fresh water from a bottle. He put the pot on the wood fire.

I looked at that pot like a hungry hunter watching antelope grilling on a spit. The pot exuded heady, intoxicating odors. Divine fragrance. Surely the gods ate ambrosia only because they had no knowledge of cod cooked in a Newfoundland punt.

While we waited for the main course to cook I fried the cod tongue in salt-pork fat. It needed only a moment, just enough to heat it and sear the outer layer of tissue. The result was a rich globule of pure white flesh, lightly browned on the ouside. By the time I had eaten it, the smell from the big pot was unbearable.

"Let's eat," Bill White said.

Henry Yard served. He spooned out chunks of fish, dripping with fragrant liquid that had permeated the potatoes. Conversation ceased. The only sounds were the cries of seabirds. We emptied our plates, crammed big slices of thickly buttered homemade bread into our mouths. The plates were filled and emptied again before talk was possible.

"Funny thing," Bill White said, his mouth full. "The cod has a different taste out here on the water. It don't ever taste the same on land."

This codfish meal was, in its way, like dining at the most exclusive restaurant in the world. Menu: unique. Seating capacity: three. Cost: nil.

By the time we emptied the pot, I was slumped down in the bows. The combination of the cold, seasickness, exertion and the huge meal was overpowering.

Bill White stood over me, cigarette dangling limply. He laughed. "You'll get wet," he said as he hauled up the anchor, but I no longer cared. The cold, white sun shone in my eyes. I dozed and felt the boat twisting, as it forged away under the steady pumping of the old engine.

We arrived at Witless Bay, moored and rowed to the slipway. I helped haul the dory up the slipway, but it was the effort of a somnambulist. The windows of the houses flashed in the sun.

I looked at my watch. I had already had my greatest day—and it was just 7:30 in the morning. **END**

A CODFISH RECIPE FOR THE LANDLUBBER

2½ POUNDS FRESH CODFISH
2 TABLESPOONS COOKING OIL
6 TABLESPOONS BUTTER
4 MEDIUM-SIZE POTATOES, SLICED THIN
3 MEDIUM-SIZE ONIONS, SLICED THIN
SALT, PEPPER
CHOPPED PARSLEY
3 TABLESPOONS TARRAGON VINEGAR

Place the fish in a large, heavy kettle and cover with cold, salted water. Bring rapidly to a boil, reduce the heat and simmer for 20 minutes, or until the flesh begins to leave the backbone. Lift out of the water, drain, skin and flake into fairly large pieces. Warm the cooking oil in a heavy skillet and add 4 tablespoons of the butter. When hot, add the potatoes and sauté 7 to 8 minutes over a high heat, until they begin to brown around the edges. Lower the heat, cover and cook another 7 or 8 minutes, or until tender when pierced with the point of a small knife. Salt and pepper to taste.

At the same time, heat the rest of the butter in a small frying pan (it, too, should be heavy). Add the sliced onions and about ¼ cup water. Cook over medium heat until the water has completely evaporated and the onions are golden.

Add the flaked fish to the potatoes, and cook about 2 minutes. Then add the onions and cook 5 minutes more. Give the mixture a good stir with a large spoon, taking care not to break the fish. Sprinkle generously with chopped parsley, and spoon onto a warm serving platter. Rinse out the skillet with tarragon vinegar, and pour the gravy over the fish just before serving. This preparation serves four—heartily and well.

Easy, big fella



The new Top-Flite woods deliver greater clubhead speed. With less effort.



Stop trying to murder the ball. And start keeping your swing in a smooth, effortless groove. Let Spalding's new Top-Flite® woods do the work. They help supply you with greater clubhead speed – therefore, bigger distance – without forcing you to strain or break your groove.

As you'd expect, it took a truly significant advance in clubmaking to build this extra potential into your game.

Spalding – building on seventy-two years of expert clubmaking experience – searched out, discovered and designed the classic form for woods – the pure functional design that places all club components in hairline balance with each other.

The new Top-Flites have the classic form and you'll recognize it at once. This is how a wood really ought to look. Without gimmicks. Without so much as a face screw to get between you and your shot.

See Spalding's unique new Top-Flite Registered woods at your golf professional's right now. Stop living with your handicap and start shrinking it.

SPALDING®

A. G. Spalding & Bros. Inc. Chicopee, Massachusetts

Some western amateurs fight back against the top pros

As anyone who has ever followed them knows, retriever trials—all the way back to the first one in 1931—have belonged almost exclusively to the rich. There is nothing in itself wrong with this, and a lot, in fact, that is right. The sport owes a tremendous debt to men like John Olin, George Murnane, William Laughlin and Lewis Greenleaf Jr., who have devoted sizable portions of their sizable fortunes and comparable chunks of their lives to improving and developing the retriever breeds. And if the Old Guard of eastern and midwestern field trialing reads like a page from the *Social Register*, its contribution to the sport is no less real. But, like the *Social Register*, it has become so convinced of the infallibility of its own leadership that it has tended to grow sterile. Most important, it has failed to keep pace with the broad-based popularity of the dogs it represents.

Retrievers in general and Labradors in particular are more popular today than ever before. Retriever registrations have more than doubled in the last decade, and legions of new owners, both hunters and nonhunters, are discovering the remarkable combination of intelligence, wit, stability and sturdiness that makes these breeds superior in the home and in the field. Predictably, the owners want to find out what their dogs can do and how they measure up to the other fellow's. The obvious place to do it is at a field trial. But the big-time trials have moved further and further from this simple purpose. Today what sport remains in much trialing is obscured by the big business of producing champions.

Each year thousands of dollars pour like so much kibble into streamlined kennels, where trial dogs are bought, sold and traded by wealthy owners as impersonally as stocks and bonds, and all at very blue-chip prices. Those with promise are transformed at even greater expense into stylized machines having only one objective—the National Championship. Along the way they may meet their owners from time to time at trials, and even run under them in amateur events, but they are never likely to see a duck blind or the inside of a house. And they will win no points for the personality that adds a little extra to a good hunting companion. The increasingly complex demands of the National Championship do not permit such individuality.

"This is the tragedy of retriever trials," says Eloise Heller, founder of the Sagehen's Retriever Club, an all-women organization in California's Sacramento Valley. "There are more retrievers and people interested in retriever trials today than ever before, but the percentage of dogs that qualify for open events has dropped alarmingly.

"The individual owner, who is the backbone of any breed, *wants* to run his dog in competition," Mrs. Heller explains, "but he also wants to win, or at least feel that he has a chance of winning. When he finds himself competing against someone who has a dozen champions, a staff of professional trainers and handlers and close to a million dollars in his kennels, he just throws up his hands and quits. The real job a club such as ours does is to persuade him not to give up.

"When the Sagehen's was formed," she adds, "it was primarily to bring together those women in the West who were already involved, either personally or through their husbands, in field trials. When we started out to prove to the men that there was a place for women in field trials, we did not know that we would end up, much more significantly, proving to the entire retriever world that there was again a place for amateurs in the sport."

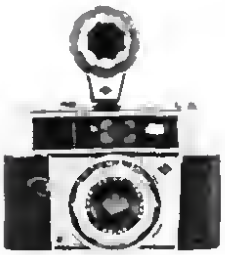
continued



FOUNDING SAGEHEN ELOISE HELLER HOLDS TWO FUTURE CHESAPEAKE CHAMPIONS



One thing is clear, you won't goof like this with the Agfa Optima 500 S.



It's goof-proof.

If you have a pretty baby, or a nice niece, or a huggable old grandmother, or anyone you'd like to see in pictures, get the Agfa Optima 500 S.

It'll see to it that you take beautiful pictures every time, not just when the sun's out, but at moments when things really look black to you.

The 500 S is a fully automatic camera. No shutter speeds and apertures to dope out. No knobs to forget to turn.

An automatic mechanism does all the thinking for you. It picks the speed (from 1/30 to 1/500 of a second). It picks the lens opening. It tells you when to shoot (Signal's green, shoot, signal's red, don't shoot. Simple as that.)

And if, quite suddenly, you want to get a shot of something—say your baby smiling—the 500 S, with its built-in rangefinder, will let you focus on him instantly. Before he starts to cry.

This amazing little camera, with Compur shutter and 4-element lens, is the result of many years of study by Agfa, the second largest maker of photographic equipment in the world.

We came out with our first fully automatic camera back in 1956.

Now, after a considerable amount of fussing, we think we've got the best around. (Photography Buyers' Guide thinks we're pretty good, too. They gave the 500 S their highest "A Recommended" rating.)

There are two other cameras in the Optima range. The 500, and the 1A. All three come with leather carrying case, flash attachment, and a roll of our remarkable Agfachrome film. They range in price from around $140 to down around $80.

They're all goof-proof.



Do we make ourselves clear?

Agfa®

AGFA-GEVAERT, INC., TETERBORO, N. J.

Where to buy an Agfa Optima
(and get a free slide viewer, too).

We're giving away an illuminated Agfascop viewer ($12.95 value) with the purchase of any Optima camera* (see advertisement opposite). Check the area list of Agfa dealers below. There's probably one near you. Stop in and see your dealer. Just for the asking, he'll give you a handy little booklet called "Photography Without Fear". *It'll help make a better photographer* out of you.



*Offer expires June 30, 1965

ILLINOIS
Belleville Marvin's Camera Mart
Benton . . . Bortoletto Studio & Camera
Bloomington Hawkins Studio & Camera Shop
Hawkins United Photo Shop
Breese ...Kreb's Studio & Camera Shop
Canton Atlas Camera Center
Champaign Erber's Camera Shop
Fairchild Camera
Chicago Anchor Camera Stores
All 3 General Camera Stores
Center Camera Co.
Inland Photo Company
Jackson Camera Inc.
Marquette Photo Supply
Montclare Camera Co.
Standard Photo Supply
United Camera Co.
Danville Phle's Camera Shop
Decatur Phle's Camera Shop
Freeport Hartman's Camera Shop
Galesburg — Illinois Camera Shop Inc.
Midwest Photo Service
Gibson City Van's Photo Supply
Harrisburg Ronnie's Studio & Camera Center
Hinsdale Hinsdale Camera Center
Jacksonville The Camera Shop
Loves Park Lundgren's Camera Center
Kankakee . . . Clyde's Camera "N" Cards
Macomb Jack Stites Pharmacy
Matloon Walt's Camera Shop
Mount Prospect Randhurst Camera Shop
Niles Center Camera Co
Olney Spieth Studio & Camera
Palos Heights Palos Camera
Pekin The Photoggery
Peoria Peoria Camera Shop
Oak Park Oak Park Camera Co.
River Forest . . . River Forest Camera Shop
Rockford . Lundgren's 7th St. Camera
Lundgren's Plaza Camera
Springfield The Camera Shop, Inc.
Phle's Camera Shop
Taylorville . . Eddy's Studio & Camera Shop
Urbana Knowlton & Bennett, Inc.
Waukegan Caples Photo Co
West Frankfort Jacobs-Lane Co., Inc.
Woodriver — Hicks Camera Repair & Sales

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis
Brown's Photo Stores
Century Camera Inc.
Jay's Cameras
Parkview Camera
Photo Mill Inc.
Woodcraft Hobby
St. Paul
Brown's Photo Stores
Camera Center
Fisher Photo Supply

MISSOURI
St. Louis
Avenue Camera Store
Bader's
The Chick Shop
Krummenacher's Camera
Rembrandt Camera Store
St. Louis Photo Supply

WISCONSIN
Baraboo Thompson Drug
Beaver Dam Mac's Hobby Shop
Beloit Yagla's Photo Shop
Butler Butler Photo & Variety
Fond du Lac Fond du Lac Camera Center
Janesville Midwest Camera Yagla's
Kenosha Maxwell's Inc
Rode's Camera & Photo Supply
Madison Bergmanns Photo Center
Photo Center
Meuer Photoart House Inc.
Regent Pharmacy
Milwaukee Boston Store Camera Center
Camera Land
Krown Camera Co
La Certes-Camera Shop
Neldner's
Orson's Camera Centers
Photoart Visual Service
Reiners Photo Co
The Dark Room
Westgate Cameras
Oconomowoc La Belle Photo & Music Shop
Racine Wick's Photo Center
Sheboygan Gene's Camera
Walworth Walworth Photo
Watertown Co Mo Photo
Waukesha Augie's Camera Shop
Wauwatosa The Dark Room
Wauwatosa Camera Shop
West Allis — West Allis Camera Shop
West Bend Schober's Cameras
Wisconsin Dells Stuelke's Drug Store

For further information write:
Agfa-Gevaert Inc., Teterboro, New Jersey

In the 10 years since the club was organized, the Sagehen's trials have proved to be among the best in the country, with attendance as high as any except for the National Championship and the National Amateur Championship. There were 111 dogs entered in the 1965 spring trial, held last month at the Gray Lodge Wildlife Refuge in northern California, and these dogs were a fair sampling of top U.S. talent. Before Techacko's Ranger, a 7-year-old black Labrador owned by Cyril Tobin of San Francisco, was crowned winner of the three-day event, Professional Handler Ed Minoggie had put the dog through some tough tests against some even tougher competition, including Eloise Heller and her Chesapeake Ch. Baron's Tule Tiger.

The Sagehen's founder, a tall, rangy brunette, is an all-round sportswoman. A fine tennis player, an accomplished horsewoman ("My husband used to say that I was always overhorsed," she admits with a handsome grin) and an enthusiastic hunter since childhood (after her husband, Walter, died in 1959 she left California and spent a month alone on safari in Africa taking most of the major trophies of the continent as well as a near-record greater kudu), Mrs. Heller brings a fierce determination to anything she undertakes. For 17 years she was one of the brightest guiding lights behind San Rafael's renowned Guide Dogs for the Blind (*A New Lead to Super dogs*, SI, June 13, 1960).

When Eloise Heller turned her formidable energies to retriever trials, she did not choose Labradors or golden retrievers with which to enter the field. Those easily trained breeds are by far the most popular in the sport today and make up about 99% of the entries at trials. Instead of them, Mrs. Heller chose Chesapeake Bay retrievers, a breed considered by the majority of trainers and handlers at that time as too difficult to bother with.

"Certainly Chesapeakes are a challenge," Mrs. Heller says. "That is what makes them rewarding. They are not soft. During the war I helped train guide dogs. Anybody who can train a German shepherd can train a Chesapeake. I used to get this guff from men that a woman could not handle a Chesapeake and that the breed was vicious and ugly. It drove me nuts. I *had* to prove they were wonderful dogs. Sure, some are a little tough

continued



NOW SELLING AT THE CLEARANCE PRICE OF $5

THE SPECTACLE OF SPORT

The book that captures the spirit and color of everyone's favorite sports

As handsome a book as baa ever come off the press, *The Spectacle of Sport* contains the best of the early issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

- 202 pages of full-color photographs, brilliantly shot and faultlessly reproduced.
- Dozens of sparkling stories by famous writers on baseball, boxing, fishing, football, sailing, tennis, track, skiing, hockey, racing, hunting, surfing, etc.
- At its regular price of $15, *The Spectacle of Sport* sold some 45,000 copies. Now we are offering the remaining supply at just $5 each.
- For yourself—or for a truly memorable gift—use this coupon to order clearance-price copies. It's a timeless anthology that merits a permanent place on your shelves.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Book Department 7105
540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611

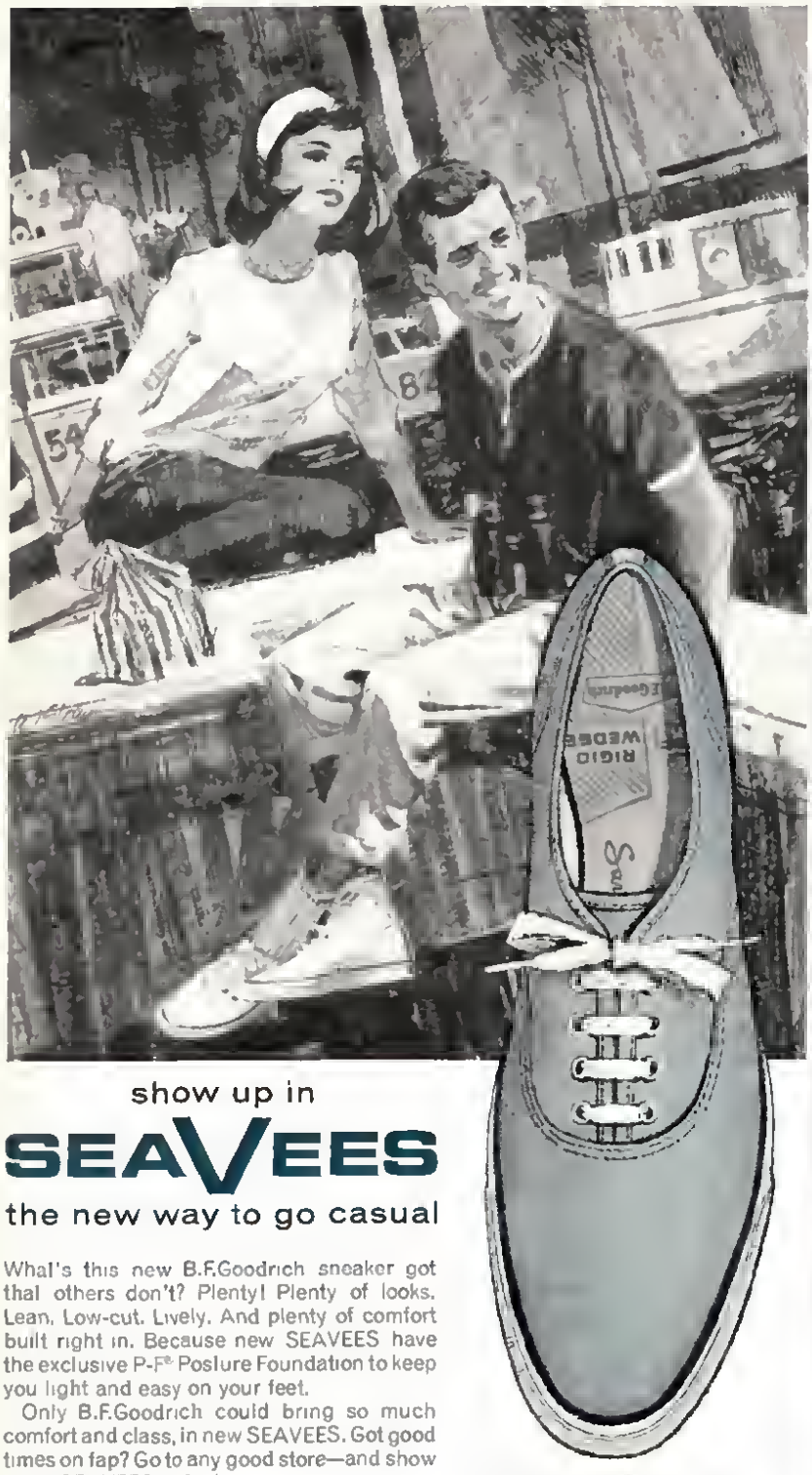
Please send_____ copies of *The Spectacle of Sport* and bill me later at the clearance price of just $5 each. I understand that the supply is limited and this order will be filled only as long as copies remain.



name (please print)

address

city state zip code



show up in

SEAVEES

the new way to go casual

What's this new B.F.Goodrich sneaker got that others don't? Plenty! Plenty of looks. Lean. Low-cut. Lively. And plenty of comfort built right in. Because new SEAVEES have the exclusive P-F® Posture Foundation to keep you light and easy on your feet.

Only B.F.Goodrich could bring so much comfort and class, in new SEAVEES. Got good times on tap? Go to any good store—and show up in SEAVEES today!

SEAVEES are priced from $5.95

SEAVEES in colors? You bet. Besides White, there's Light Blue, Navy, Green and Breton Red.



B.F.Goodrich

Get the yacht shoe with Grip Power: the new P-F Yacht Shoe! Exclusive "Grip Block" sole design plus the famous Posture Foundation rigid wedge in the heel for extra comfort.

and hardheaded, but I can be tough and hardheaded, too."

And indeed she can be. Mrs. Heller spends eight hours a day, four days a week, every week of the year working with her dogs. She breeds them, raises them, trains them and handles them at trials herself, always with a firm hand but a loving heart. And when the daily workout is finished, she takes her Chesapeakes home, not to a kennel but to her rambling, beautifully furnished old house in Sonoma.

"This is the secret of the amateur's success," she says, "if he would only have sense enough to realize it. The professionals give you a hard time. They resent any amateur who comes along, especially if he is good, and they make lots of amateurs feel that they have no right competing in a big trial like the National. But the professionals work with big strings of dogs. They cannot begin to establish the rapport that an amateur like Jim Casey has with his dog Cougar [SI, Nov. 25, 1963].

"We're a hard-training group here in the West," Mrs. Heller adds. "You might say we are a dungarees and dirty-hands group, but we are deadly serious about our sport. We live with it so much of the time that it is part of us. The work we are doing and the victories we are winning are so important because we are changing the whole concept of field trialing. We are making this sport one that everybody can enter and enjoy. We are learning all the time, and we are using everything we learn."

That the ladies have learned a lot is clear from the Sagehens' showing among the best of the big time. At last year's National Amateur Championship, women handled 17 of the 51 entries, and 13 of these women were Sagehens. Of the eight women who have ever completed a National trial (to complete a National trial requires being called back by the judges after a minimum of 10 difficult water-and-land elimination tests), all but one was a Sagehen. And of these women, Eloise Heller has the distinction of being the only one in field trial history to complete two Nationals and to qualify for and run in eight. This is comparable to birdieing every hole at St. Andrews, but Mrs. Heller is not content. Her ambition now is not only to complete her *third* National but to win it. A growing number of amateur trialers, men as well as women, will be cheering for her. **END**





when a diamond means . . . a keepsake forever







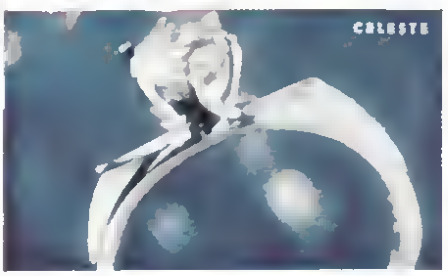




Love and romance are captured forever in the brilliant styling of every Keepsake diamond engagement ring. Each setting is a masterpiece of design, reflecting the full brilliance and beauty of the center diamond . . . a perfect gem of flawless clarity, fine color and meticulous modern cut.

The name, Keepsake, in the ring and on the tag is your assurance of fine quality and lasting satisfaction. Your very personal Keepsake is awaiting your selection at your Keepsake Jeweler's store. Find him in the yellow pages under "Jewelers."

Keepsake®
DIAMOND RINGS



Prices from $100 to $2500. Rings Enlarged to Show Beauty of Detail ® Trade Mark Reg

HOW TO BE SURE WHEN BUYING A DIAMOND RING

To help me get more value for my money please send folder "Choosing Your Engagement and Wedding Rings" , also for my fiance send new 20-page booklet "How to Plan Your Engagement and Wedding" both for only 25c.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Co._____ State_____

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13202



If you're interested in roughing it, you've got

Stay in your car and you stay in the lap of luxury. Swathed in carpet, cradled in foam cushioning and Full Coil springs. Roughing it? You'll forget the whole idea

What better way to see the great outdoors than wrapped in lush Chevrolet?

You go ahead and get all the nature and fresh air you want while you're there. Climb trees, wade creeks, fill up on the active life.

But don't expect Chevrolet to provide any of the rigor and hardship. All Chevrolet is going to contribute is the excitement of truly memorable transportation to and from. And a nice comfortable place to rest if the activity gets to be too much for you while you're there.

Step inside for a moment, won't you?

How is Chevrolet going to provide all this drama? Oh, the usual way—the way Chevrolet always does things. Done even better in 1965. Like in a completely new body (Fisher, of course) and chassis—Wide Stanced, Fully Coiled, Girder-Guarded, and insulated as all get out.

The result to you is smoother Jet-smooth ride, quieter, softer luxury, and yet more positive control, better handling, finer all-around roadability than ever.

Or like with the new interior you'll find in this Impala—all new instrument panel, gorgeous deep-twist carpeting wall to wall, patterned cloth

Impala Sport Coupe



to get out of your Chevrolet.

and vinyl upholstery, deep foam-cushioned seats, bigh-level ventilation and other touches of luxury here and there. Four-Season air conditioning if you order it. Makes a nice lush contrast to tbe rugged environment outside, doesn't it?

Choices on top of choices

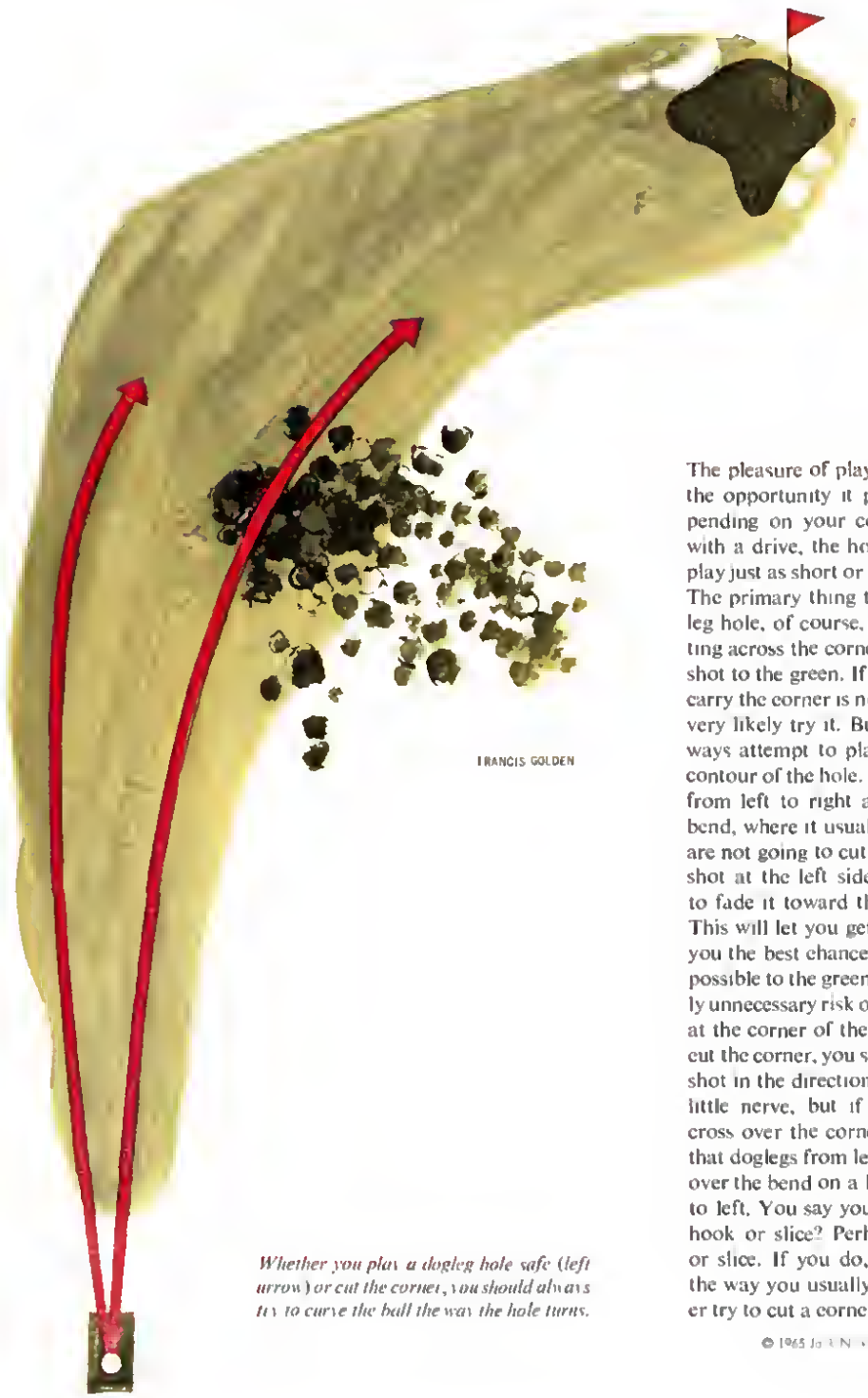
Just what sort of luxury would you like to have? For instance, you can order from six different radio-and-apeaker combinationa for Chevrolet, including AM-FM Stereo. Or fifteen Magic-Mirror colors.

A wide range of different power teams is available. And dozens of other delightful decisions to make in all kinds of things. Your dealer can tell you all about them.

So you go ahead and rough it. Besides, won't it be nice, when you're all througb, to climb back inside a nice, quiet, cozy, luxurious Chevrolet for the trip back home? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Getting the biggest bite from a dogleg



Whether you play a dogleg hole safe (left arrow) or cut the corner, you should always try to curve the ball the way the hole turns.

The pleasure of playing a dogleg hole lies in the opportunity it presents off the tee. Depending on your courage and your ability with a drive, the hole can often be made to play just as short or as long as you want it to. The primary thing to consider about a dogleg hole, of course, is the possibility of cutting across the corner and setting up an easy shot to the green. If the penalty for failing to carry the corner is not too severe, you should very likely try it. But be smart about it. Always attempt to play the shot to follow the contour of the hole. Let us say the hole bends from left to right and the trouble is in the bend, where it usually is on a dogleg. If you are not going to cut the corner, aim your tee shot at the left side of the fairway and try to fade it toward the center of the fairway. This will let you get maximum roll and give you the best chance of ending up as close as possible to the green without taking the totally unnecessary risk of hitting the tee shot right at the corner of the dogleg. If you decide to cut the corner, you should still try to bend the shot in the direction of the dogleg. It takes a little nerve, but if failure won't ruin you, cross over the corner with a fade on a hole that doglegs from left to right and hit a hook over the bend on a hole that goes from right to left. You say you can't hit an intentional hook or slice? Perhaps you naturally hook or slice. If you do, cut the corners that go the way you usually curve the ball, and never try to cut a corner that goes the other way.

© 1965 Jack Nicklaus. All rights reserved.

GROUSE SHOOT AT ARGYLL



"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood; land of the mountain and the flood"—SCOTT

There's a mist on the moors and the air is still. Only the shrill cry of the soaring falcons breaks the deep silence. The day has yielded its share of sport and with the last drive of the red grouse from the heather, the retrievers halt and the gunners gather like ancient clansmen to behold their quarry. It is at moments like this that men of action the world over seek the enjoyment and companionship of Gold Label—the internationally acclaimed cigar of superb aroma and masculine mildness. *Adventure with Gold Label anywhere in the world . . . it is worthy of the best times of your life.* CEDAROMA 35¢ . . . Alumipak of 3/$1. Gradiaz Annis, Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida.





OTHER FAMOUS GOLD LABELS · CORONA DE VILLE 35¢ · PALMA CANDELA 26¢ · JAGUAR 70 25¢ · PANETELA GRANDE 3/50¢ · SWAGGER 5/60¢

Gold Label

WORLD LEADER IN LUXURY CIGARS

Move to the mild side



When you move to the mild side, you'll meet a new kind of drink. Smoother. Tastier. The secret: Corby's, 86-proof whiskey on the mild side. Try it; enjoy the difference.

CORBY'S

FINE WHISKEY ON THE MILD SIDE



BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68⅔% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS BARCLAY & CO LTD PEORIA, ILL.

A stink of dead stripers

The Storm King fight reges over the Hudson end a conservationist reises questions ebout missing pictures end spewning grounds

Take a good look at the picture below. It shows a mass of dead striped bass left to rot by the Consolidated Edison Company on a dump near its Indian Point power plant on the Hudson River. Officials of the New York State Conservation Department not only have denied that such pictures existed, they have hushed the fact that pictures were held by the department itself. Starting on May 10, this hush-up and other revelations about Hudson River fish will he the subject of an investigation by the Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation Subcommittee of the U.S. House of Representatives. The testimony to be given is almost sure to embarrass Con Ed, the Conservation Department and its boss, Commissioner Harold Wilm, and even Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

To the anger and dismay of commercial fishermen, sportsmen and conservationists, Governor Rockefeller has been backing the construction of another Con Ed power plant 15 miles north of Indian Point at Storm King mountain on the Hudson. Governor Rockefeller and Con Ed won a round last month when the Federal Power Commission licensed the Storm King plant—and possibly licensed the decimation of the rest of the Hudson's striped-bass population.

Led by the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, the conservation groups have bitterly fought the Storm King project on a number of grounds. For one, the project would violate state park lands; for another, it would scar more than 20 miles of Putnam and Westchester counties with high-tension towers. At full capacity the plant will be able to suck up 12 billion gallons of river water a day, and since, according to the latest study, Storm King sits squarely in the middle of the Hudson's bass spawning grounds there is excellent reason to fear for the fishery. These grounds furnish bass to Long Island Sound and northern New Jersey waters. On the northeast coast, sportsmen alone spend $45 million a year in quest of stripers.

The Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation Subcommittee is holding the investigation at the request of Richard Ottinger, a Democrat representing Putnam and western Westchester counties. Last January, Ottinger introduced a bill into the House calling for the establishment of a Hudson Highlands National Scenic Riverway. The bill, which has backing from Democrats and Republicans, would, among other things, prohibit the construction of power installations along a 40-mile stretch of the river from just north of New York City to beyond Storm King. When Ottinger submitted his bill, he also asked the FPC to delay any decision on licensing Storm King until Congress had a chance to decide on the riverway. The FPC—an autonomous body of five men appointed by the President—rejected the request and last month licensed the plant after hearing only one fishery witness, a biologist retained by Con Ed.

Specifically, the Fisheries Subcommittee will determine whether or not federal and state officials charged with the protection of fish have fulfilled their duties at Storm King and Indian Point. There are indications that they have not. In the first half of 1963—the year the nuclear Indian Point station began full operation—there was an extensive kill of fish. The exact cause of the kill has never been made precisely clear, but the fish apparently were attracted by warm water discharged from the plant and then were trapped beneath a dock. Some sportsmen learned of the kill when great numbers of crows began concentrating at the dump. On June 12, 1963 Dominick Pirone, a graduate student at Fordham and consulting biologist to the League of Saltwater Sportsmen; Harvey Hauptner, then the League's conservation chairman; Fred Luks, an outdoor columnist; and Arthur Glowka, a free-lance writer, visited the Indian Point plant, and on that day, Pirone says, "We saw 10,000 dead and dying fish under the dock. We learned that Con Ed had two trucks hauling dead fish to the dump when the plant was in operation."

Pictures of piles of dead fish were taken by sportsmen and at least one member of the Conservation Department,

continued



A LOCAL SPORTSMAN EXAMINES DEAD BASS AT DUMP NEAR INDIAN POINT IN 1963



NOTHING CAN TOP SLACKS APPEAL BY

ASHER

WITH DACRON*

There's more than one way to prove a point. We suggest this approach: try your favorite shirts, jackets (and even ties) with Asher's Classic plain front slacks... tailored in Milana®, a new wrinkle-shedding Stevens fabric of "Dacron" polyester, worsted wool and mohair tropical, exclusive with Asher. About $17.

For the name of your nearest store and a new booklet on "Slacks Know-How", write the Asher Company, Dept. S4, Fitchburg, Mass.

*DuPont's trademark

and other sportsmen who happened to see them were horrified. Pictures were called in by the Conservation Department's Poughkeepsie office, and then sent on to its Albany office. Before the controversial pictures started disappearing, Dom Pirone saw some. One that sticks in his mind shows a pile of dead striped bass a dozen feet high. In the December 1963 issue of *The Southern New York Sportsman*, Editor Ted Keatley wrote, "I have a print of a picture taken at the dump. This was forwarded to me with the following commentary: 'Enclosed is a photo taken one evening in early March and showing just one section of the dump. The fish seen here were supposed to be about one or two days' accumulation. They were piled to a depth of several feet. They covered an area encompassing more than a city lot.' " Earlier Keatley had estimated the kill at one million striped bass, but then Assistant Commissioner W. Mason Lawrence of the Conservation Department tut-tutted that figure as unrealistic in a letter to Keatley, and instead pegged the peak kill at only 800 stripers a day, "mostly of rather small fish." He made no mention of pictures.

Last December, in an attempt to get some straight answers about Indian Point, Pirone and Glowka went to the Poughkeepsie office, where they spoke to Warren McKeon, the regional supervisor, and Ken Wich, the regional fish manager. Both men denied that they had ever seen any pictures of the kill. They offered to open up the office files on Indian Point, but when Pirone later wrote a letter asking to examine the records, Wich wrote back that "Mr. McKeon has been advised by Albany that, at this time, we cannot release Departmental reports to the public concerning matters still under investigation." In response to this, Pirone wrote Wich. "Personally, I have heard direct contradictions from several sources as to some of the statements that you and Mr. McKeon made to us on 23 Dec. The question of pictures of the horrible kills at Indian Point passing through the Poughkeepsie office is in particular dispute." Wich never answered.

A few weeks ago State Senator R. Watson Pomeroy, a Dutchess County Republican, decided he wanted to see the hushed-up pictures. Senator Pomeroy, a former chairman of the Joint Legislative Committee on Natural Resources, is a man of some consequence in the state.

"Commissioner Wilm gave me permission to see them," Senator Pomeroy says. "I wrote to him asking permission to see them, and he wrote me in return giving me permission." Senator Pomeroy was shown two black-and-whites taken in February 1963, at the start of the Indian Point kill. "They did show fish which had been killed," the senator says. "They were fairly sizable fish kills – a couple of thousand fish. They were brought from the Poughkeepsie office and shown to me at my house."

The hush-up of the Indian Point pictures has angered those fighting Con Ed at Storm King. For its part, Con Ed has played down Indian Point as it seeks to dig into Storm King. The company says only thousands—150,000—of fish were killed, and it declares that the big kill stopped in late June 1963, when screening was put beneath the dock. The Conservation Department also says fish are no longer being killed in any great number. Con Ed has the matter under study, but meanwhile kills still occur, mostly of smaller fish that get through.

In addition to Indian Point, the Fisheries Subcommittee will investigate the testimony given before the FPC on Storm King by Dr. Alfred Perlmutter, a former employee of the Conservation Department who is now an associate professor at New York University and a Con Ed consultant. Briefly, Dr. Perlmutter testified that he could "almost guarantee" that the proposed Storm King plant would have "little effect" on fish eggs. The "best" spawning grounds for striped bass, he said, were "much farther up river." Later he added, "The last study on the Hudson River was made in 1938, and it hasn't been done since."

No other fish experts were present when Dr. Perlmutter testified before the FPC—which had published notice of the project without naming Storm King as the site in a newspaper in out-of-the-way Goshen, N.Y.—but when a number of organizations interested in fish resources heard about his statements, they sought to join Scenic Hudson in the fight by asking the FPC to reopen the hearings. The gist of their protests was that the New York State Conservation Department had published a study of the Hudson stripers not in 1938 but in 1957. Further, this study indicated that the fish spawned in the vicinity of Storm

continued

Only two watches make any sense.





There is nothing in between.

If all you want is time, get a $10.95 brand.
If you want a possession, get a Hamilton.

Two kinds of watches have the courage to stand for something. We make one of them. Hamilton. But we admire dandy little Brand X.

Brand X is made for people who just want time. And are honest enough to admit it.

Hamilton is made for people who want more than time. And are honest enough to admit it.

Just $50.00 gets you into the Hamilton league. And what a difference it makes. Hamilton. The great possession. So superbly made that even the oil that lubricates it is a masterpiece. Why? Because we make Hamilton (like the Savitar II Electric, $125.00, on the right) for perfectionists.

If you want time, get it. But if you want a possession, get a Hamilton. Go one way or the other. There is really nothing in between.

If you want more than time, get a

HAMILTON

Hamilton Watches are sold by jewelers in the U.S., Canada and 45 other countries. Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. All prices plus tax.

Life Insurance— and the best way to buy it

Astute financial authorities will say that a fundamental part of buying life insurance is to compare contracts sold by the leading companies.

Which will provide the more suitable benefits to the policyholder and his beneficiaries? Among other things, they inquire about early cash values, flexibility of settlement options, and first-year dividends.

Few companies, you may notice, invite such a comparison. Mutual Benefit welcomes it.

Our famous "Seven Significant Benefits" reflect a philosophy of policyholder service and protection that has made Mutual Benefit Life one of the largest, most highly regarded insurance companies in the world.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE



DO THE WRANGLER SHAKE
(like Killer Joe)

"Killer Joe" Piro started a great new dance —named it after smooth-moving Wrangler jeans. The jeans with stamina that keep their lean-look shape because they're Sanforized® shrink-proof.

Ask your Wrangler dealer for free dance instructions, words and music (and directions for getting a 45 rpm record) of the Shake. You'll need one more thing. Wrangler jeans—the only way to shake, shake, shake!

Regular and stretch jeans and a swinging selection of sportswear for him and her. Wrangler® Western Wear, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10001.

King. Moreover, the two biologists who had conducted the study, Lewis Miller and Warren Rathjen, had been hired for that job by none other than Dr. Perlmutter. Among the groups which sought to reopen the hearings to allow other experts to testify were the Cortlandt Conservation Association up on the Hudson; the village of Freeport on Long Island, the Town of Hempstead, which has a population of nearly a million; the Hempstead Town Lands Resources Council, with 30,000 members and affiliates; the Nassau County Fish and Game Association; the Long Island [commercial] Fishermen's Association; and the National Party Boat Owners Alliance, composed of captains who have direct financial stake in the irreplaceable Hudson fisheries.

Before granting its license to Con Ed the FPC could have reopened hearings to admit extraordinary testimony. But for all the angry letters and petitions that went to the FPC demanding a rehearing, Con Ed sent a reply to the commission *claiming rebuttal on Storm King* was too late and that "allegations" about Indian Point were "irrelevant." On March 9 the FPC, in a 3-to-1 vote, agreed to grant Con Ed a license. The Indian Point kill was dismissed by the FPC in a footnote as "outside the jurisdiction of this Commission." As for Dr. Perlmutter, the FPC has endorsed him as "an outstanding ichthyologist." Charles Ross, the dissenting commissioner, wrote "The continued existence of this [Hudson fish] resource is one of the primary issues in this case, and I, for one, am not willing to base an ultimate conclusion upon testimony about which serious doubts have arisen."

A hearing was set for May 4 to determine the route of the high-tension towers and the type of screen to be placed over the Storm King intake tubes. On April 1 the Conservation Department announced Con Ed would finance a $150,000 three-year study of Hudson River fish. In view of the fact there is no fish screen that can exclude the tiny striper eggs, the May 4 session promises to be meaningless.

Fortunately, the Fisheries Subcommittee will bare all the facts. Perhaps, ironically, the Hudson River, the living river, may yet be saved by dead fish long thought buried in an obscure dump and by pictures buried in Conservation Department files. **END**



Introducing an instrument of polite destruction

Pennsylvania's new Centre Court racket . . . lean and lethal . . . with whiplash resilience and precision balance . . . helps you dominate the play and the players that dominated you. Together with its matched-caliber partner, the Centre Court ball (respected throughout the tennis world for over fifty years), the Centre Court racket takes the work out of your play; lets you replace grimaces with the confident grin of a winner. Make your acquaintance at any fine sporting goods store. And then get used to the taste of victory.

GENERAL TIRE

TOP QUALITY FOR 50 YEARS

The General Tire & Rubber Company
Athletic Products • Akron Ohio

Enjoy the distinction of arriving in a Lincoln Continental.



Lincoln Continental is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars. It distinguishes you among fine car owners. It is unique in its classic look. Singular in its luxury and comfort. Unequaled in its ride. Built only to the highest standards in the world. There is only one Lincoln Continental. What does your car say about you?

LINCOLN *Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



Bold Lad (second from right) finished third in the Wood Memorial, while Lucky Debonair lost on a sloppy track at Keeneland. Neither defeat seriously affects the prospects or planning for the Kentucky Derby

The two upsets were not really upsetting

Within the space of 48 hours last week the two strong winter book favorites for the May 1 Kentucky Derby, Bold Lad and Lucky Debonair, suffered defeats, and the immediate natural reaction was to try to discover a couple of valid excuses. The effort wasn't really necessary. First, on a sloppy track at Keeneland, Lucky Debonair—who had proved his real worth by winning the mile-and-an-eighth Santa Anita Derby on March 6—missed by a neck in the seven-furlong Forerunner Purse. Two afternoons later at Aqueduct, Bold Lad—attempting to go more than a mile for the first time in his career—missed by just over a length when he finished third to Flag Raiser and Hail to All in the nine-furlong Wood Memorial. The fact that both Lucky Debonair and Bold Lad were odds-on favorites makes the two upsets appear somewhat more significant than they really are. Actually, it was not surprising that both colts lost, but it would be surprising if they did not benefit vastly from the experience of racing instead of merely working.

Lucky Debonair had not had a start since his impressive Santa Anita score and was obviously very much in need of one. Under the allowance conditions of the Forerunner he had to give away nine pounds to John Galbreath's Bugler, and on top of that he caught an off track, which Bugler (a son of Sword Dancer) fancied better than any of the others in the six-horse field. What Lucky Debonair also caught, apparently, was Willie Shoemaker on a day when Willie chose to follow a convoy course that took him everywhere at Keeneland but into the sacred members' club. This week things may turn out more auspiciously for Shoe and Lucky Debonair. They should have little trouble winning the mile-and-an-eighth Blue Grass Stakes against a field that is likely to include Bugler's stablemate, Country Friend, and such other undistinguished runners as Swift Ruler, Adsum, Famous Lover, Bay Phantom and Mr Pak.

If anyone was entitled to come up with an excuse for Bold Lad's losing the Wood Memorial (the first time, incidentally, that this son of Bold Ruler has ever finished worse than second), it was either Trainer Bill Winfrey or Jockey Manuel Ycaza. Neither did. "He shouldn't necessarily have gotten that tired, but he just did," said Winfrey, thankful that at least his handsome chestnut had come back from the race as sound as when he went into it.

While it would seem that Bold Lad should have made more of a race of it just on his class alone, he nevertheless had every right to get tired. His works had been steady and good, but he was nowhere near as seasoned as the other horses in this better-than-average Wood field. While many of them already had run nine furlongs at least once this year, Bold Lad had had but one race since mid-October—winning a six-furlong allowance event two weeks ago. On this record alone he was entitled to tire. And the way the race was run, you knew that he was going to.

Flag Raiser, the speedy Florida-bred that Hirsch Jacobs trains for his partner, Isidor Bieber, is the sort of colt that will tire any horse that runs after him. He likes to bust out of the starting gate and run as far as he can as fast as he can. At Aqueduct this spring he used those tactics to win the Bay Shore at seven furlongs and the Gotham at a mile, by 5½

continued



You meet the most interesting drinks–

when you mix with the gin London introduced in 1740

BOOTH'S *HIGH & DRY* GIN

TWO INDIVIDUAL COCKTAIL SERVERS YOURS FOR $1.00! Just mix your cocktail, add an ice cube or two, and you have a perfect, spill-proof drink that can't go flat. Send $1.00 to Sensaserver, P. O. Box 58A, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

90 PROOF · 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED IN THE U.S.A.

and four lengths respectively. When nothing in the field runs with him and he is permitted to open long leads, he reminds you of Beau Purple or Gun Bow, and those two were mighty tough to catch when they got loose on the front end.

I don't know if other jockeys in the Wood planned to contest the early pace with Bobby Ussery on Flag Raiser, but if they went into the gate with this noble thought Ussery quickly made them forget it. He barreled Flag Raiser out of there as if the avenging angel were in pursuit, and that was the last anybody saw of them until the field came back in front of the stands nine furlongs later. Yeaza, substituting on Bold Lad for his Panamanian countryman Braulio Baeza, who was grounded by a 10-day suspension, shot his colt smartly into second position as the field swung into the first turn and kept him there as they raced up the backstretch. Reflecting on the race later, Ogden Phipps, son of Bold Lad's owner, Mrs. Henry C. Phipps, said, "I felt that Bold Lad could go up and get Flag Raiser any time he wanted to." Yeaza felt exactly the same way, and after leaving the half-mile pole he let out a notch on Bold Lad. Sure enough, they immediately started closing the four-length gap. "I got to within two lengths of Flag Raiser at the eighth pole," Yeaza said afterward, "but then Bold Lad just got tired and couldn't make up any more ground."

After tearing off the first six furlongs in 1 09 3/5, Flag Raiser tired, too—so much so that it took him nearly 41 seconds to travel the last three furlongs, and he was literally staggering as he crossed the wire. Hail to All, who likes to come from way out of it, rushed up this time from 10th place to nearly nip the winner. But, exactly as he had done in the Florida Derby, he failed to make it by a neck, although he did beat Bold Lad by a length. Bold Lad's stablemate, Dapper Dan, made up nearly two lengths on the fast-flying Hail to All in the stretch and finished fastest of all to be fourth. This son of Ribot thereby earned himself a trip to Louisville. Before the Wood, Bill Winfrey planned to send Bold Lad right into the Derby without further preps. Now the colt probably will have one more start, in the one-mile Derby Trial over the Churchill Downs strip five days before the big run. It should help him a lot. **END**



You can get out of sand traps easily, now. Why?

I've designed my new Sure-Out Wedge to all but play itself out of sand — where most golfers need help. The Sure-Out's rounded sole design bounces your ball out of sand so easily and accurately it's been called "The only shot in the bag you can buy!"

Try a new Sure-Out at your Pro Shop. Once you do, you'll never play without it.



Ben Hogan

BEN HOGAN SALES COMPANY



You can hit the green easily, now. Why?

I've put a specially broad, rocker sole on my new Sure-on Wedge, to lift the ball out of the toughest lies. And, you can stop the ball on the green and save strokes.

Hit a few approach shots with the new Sure-On Wedge next time you're at your Pro Shop. You'll never play without it.



Ben Hogan

BEN HOGAN SALES COMPANY

Costlier Bourbon



...tastes expensive and is!



Made from an original recipe in the old style sour mash way . . with many costly *extra* steps for the smooth, mellow flavor so characteristic of our whisky.

Also available in Limited Edition at 101 proof

90 proof · Star Hill Distilling Company, Marion County, Kentucky



Rich, moist, aromatic **BOND STREET** stays lit





MOTOR-MEDIC

- REDUCES ENGINE WEAR
- MAKES OIL LAST LONGER
- STOPS OIL BURNING

At Service Stations and Auto Supply Stores



SHORT QUIZ:

Do your shorts have rugged "Sourdough" cloth? Do they have 6 pockets (two down to the knees)? Do they have extra large belt loops? Are they for boating, hiking, relaxing, etc.? Ours are! (In Forest Green, White, Light Blue and Beige.)

If you have answered NO to any question above send $6.95 to Alpine Hut, Dept. S1665, University Village, Seattle 98105. Stores in Seattle, Portland & Tacoma

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG of exclusive outdoor clothing and equipment.

BRAVES *continued from page 24*

Atlanta did go out to the airport the next morning. The theme was "Welcome South, Braves," and as the players came off their charter plane each was presented with a young dogwood tree. Miss See Georgia First stood by in an impressively brief costume and, well, the Braves saw Georgia second. Mayor Ivan Allen, who had forced through construction of the new $18 million doughnut-shaped Atlanta Stadium in 51 weeks, proclaimed the Braves' arrival as "the happiest occasion since we got General Sherman to head south back in 1864."

More than 40,000 people lined the parade route, waving pennants that said "Atlanta Braves." Bands played *Georgia on My Mind*, and the players were driven in open convertibles through the streets to the Atlanta Americana Motor Hotel. John McHale, the president and general manager of the Braves, was given a gold key to the city.

McHale would not get any keys to the city of Milwaukee. At about the time he was reaching the hotel in Atlanta, a cellophane bag of heavily sarcastic novelties was being prepared for sale in Milwaukee. Called Atlanta Braves Boo-ster Bag, it contained, among other things, a Confederate flag and some caustic new lyrics for old tunes. One went:

M is for the many things he told us,
C is for the clever way he won,
H is for the helpless way he left us,
A is for the arguments that are done,
L is for the letdown we are feeling,
E is for the ease with which they moved.
Put them all together
They spell McHale—
Nicest guy in all the world to us!

Meanwhile, workmen were trying to finish the Atlanta ball park so it would be in shape for opening night. Printed signs saying "Braves" and "Squaws" were taped up on the rest rooms. Long lines gathered in front of the ticket windows, and Braves yearbooks seemed to be in the hands of everyone. The infield was raked smooth, but the turf had not settled in the outfield and the little rectangles of grass looked like green bricks.

The first game in Atlanta was hardly an exciting one. The Braves won 6–3, but it was a dull contest. Bobby Bragan started five Negro players without saying a word. No one booed. Mayor Allen squatted in the press box and ruined a suit by sitting on the uncleaned step of an aisle. The Braves won again the next night and again on Sunday, and they drew their 106,000 people even though the Masters tournament was being played in nearby Augusta the same weekend and even though the Atlanta 500-mile Stock Car Race drew more than 50,000 people that Sunday.

The Braves were impressed by Atlanta, but when they flew out of the city at 5:30 that Sunday afternoon, their minds were on the opening game of the regular season that they were to play the next day in Cincinnati. "This is the one to win," said Joe Torre, the catcher. In Cincinnati, sportswriters asked them the questions they had heard so often: "Don't ballplayers need cheering hometown crowds to give them that extra incentive? How can you play your best under these circumstances?" The players answered politely, but they really said very little. Then they went out and beat the Reds 4–2. Torre hit two home runs and Eddie Mathews another, and Tony Cloninger pitched a two-hitter. When Cloninger walked onto the team bus after the game the Braves broke into spontaneous applause. All the weeks of polite silence, all the words they never could say about how they felt about their team and its chances in this lame-duck year exploded in one marvelous gesture. Cloninger smiled. "I feel embarrassed," he said.

The Braves lost the second game of the season in Cincinnati and then, finally, they flew home to Milwaukee. It was one o'clock in the morning and a cold 39° when they arrived. As the stairs came up against the side of the plane they kidded about who was going to go out first. "Send Aaron out," someone hollered. "Have him put that new suitcase he got in Cincy in front of his chest so the bullets won't get him." Aaron had nothing to worry about. In the old days the Braves used to draw 5,000 people when they came back from lunch. Now there was no one to meet them. They picked up their bags and went their different ways. "I really don't know what we'll find here," said Bragan.

Through the winter the people of Milwaukee had not really known what to do about their lame-duck Braves. The word around the city was "boycott," but it was used qualitatively. "It isn't the players we'll boycott," people would say. "It's the whole dirty deal. If we support the team we'll be putting money

continued

SWIMMING POOL OWNERS:

This year, protect your pool with PERCLORON® for three important reasons:

1 **Nothing kills bacteria faster!** When used according to directions, PERCLORON also kills existing algae and prevents new algae formation.

2 **Convenient to use . . . low cost.** PERCLORON is concentrated, dry and stable. Now available in new, 100-lb. drums. Easy to open and reseal.

3 **Dealer service.** PERCLORON and other Pennswim® pool chemicals are sold by dealers who can give you helpful advice on pool care.

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE
Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER





SPECIAL OFFER! For a limited time only, Pennswim dealers (see Yellow Pages) will give you a 14-oz. aerosol can of insect repellent for pool-side use FREE with the purchase of a 100-lb. drum of PERCLORON or CLOR-TABS®. One per family. Offer expires May 9, 1965; limited to continental U.S.A. See your Pennswim dealer now! Pennswim pool chemicals are made by Pennsalt Chemicals Corporation, 3 Penn Center, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Experts in water purification for over 50 years.*

PENNSALT
CHEMICALS ● EQUIPMENT

He's henpecked. As any fool can plainly see.

He rents cars from National to get S&H Green Stamps at no extra cost. His next trip will give him enough to get her that new AM-FM radio. Meanwhile, he gets everything he wants from National. He smiles as he drives one of the newest, cleanest '65 Fords. (Or another fine car.) Is he henpecked? Or is he shrewd?

National Car Rental



8 times more power to relieve pain of hemorrhoids!

Soothing Nupercainal concentrates on pain! Prolonged relief of pain, burning and itching starts in minutes.

If you suffer from the misery of hemorrhoids, remember this about remedies you can buy for temporary relief. A leading "shrinking" preparation contains no anesthetic to relieve pain.

No wonder so many doctors recommend Nupercainal. Soothing Nupercainal relieves pain, itching, burning fast...gives prolonged relief...because it has *over eight times more pain-killing power* than the other most commonly-used topical anesthetic!

Nupercainal quickly puts raw nerve ends to sleep . . . this puts pain to sleep. Lets you go about your business . . . relieved of the stabbing pain, burning and itching torment of hemorrhoids. Get Nupercainal Ointment today — handy applicator with each tube. Start to live again, in comfort!



Nupercainal®
OINTMENT

even if it's not his birthday, wouldn't he like a gift of Sports Illustrated?



Big in color. Big in surprises. Big in best wishes. And so easy to give. Just send us his name and address (and yours, too, please). Tell us how you wish the gift card signed. We'll bill you after the subscription starts. (Note: A single subscription costs $7.50; if you order two or more at the same time, the cost is just $6 for each one, including the first!)

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
540 North Michigan Avenue
Dept. 4045
Chicago, Illinois 60611

into the pockets of the people who own the team and who are deserting us."

The players, of course, were in the middle. "When I heard that we were moving," Henry Aaron said last week, "I was just another fan. I grew kind of sad. But I think if we win this year the people will come out to see us. When you play in a town you get to know the people and these people are very big-hearted. Sure, it used to be that every year almost we were one, two, three in the league, and the people always expected us to win and when we didn't win they were saddened. It was only natural that attendance started to fall off. We went from two pennants in a row to losing a playoff for the pennant to second place to fourth and then fifth."

Attendance fell from the high of 2,215,404 in 1957 to 766,921 in 1962. It picked up last year, to 910,911, but it was too late. The Braves were committed to Atlanta. Protests, threats and lawsuits kept them from moving this season, but in 1966 they will be gone. Late last year a number of Milwaukeans conceded this imminent departure and formed a group called Teams, Inc. to do something practical about keeping alive the image of Milwaukee as a big-league city. They bought out the entire ball park for Opening Day and set about selling tickets to show Milwaukee's baseball viability.

Opening Day was an event that no one who saw it will ever forget. There was a crowd of 33,874, and Teams, Inc. had brought back most of the Braves who had played in County Stadium on the first Opening Day in 1953. Johnny Logan trotted out to shortstop, and then the only Brave from 1953 still with the club, Eddie Mathews, sprinted to third. A sign went up on the third-base side of the field saying, "Atlanta you can have the rest, leave us Eddie Mattress our hero." Mathews looked up and saw the sign and recalled that "mattress" is close to the way some of the old German residents of Milwaukee pronounce his name. Eddie tipped his cap and looked down at his shoes. Sid Gordon came out, and Andy Pafko, Max Surkont, Jack Dittmer and the others.

The public-address announcer got as far as the first "r" in Warren Spahn when the people jumped to their feet, applauding. Spahn, dressed in a Met uniform with No. 21 on his back, came out of the visiting dugout and began walking toward the pitching mound. Three of

continued

"I don't know beans about Vycron® polyester.

But I like what Seven Seas® did with it."



And so will you. Because Seven Seas by Moyer knows how much you like your comfort. So they used Brittany's 65% Vycron polyester/35% cotton poplin for these slacks and walk shorts. You don't want to think about wrinkles. Well, with Vycron you don't have to. You want good fit and lots of comfort. You've got it. You want wash and wear. You've got that, too. It's the easy livin' season. Take it easy in Vycron. Slacks, about $10. Shorts, about $9. Both available in 12 classic and fashion colors. Both sizes 28-42. At fine stores everywhere or write to The Moyer Co., 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10019. Beaunit Fibers, Division of Beaunit Corp., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.

Vycron® polyester
another fine product of
Beaunit Fibers

the more difficult things in life are 1) going back to a bar you have been asked to leave, 2) meeting again a love you once lost and 3) returning to a town you have left forever. Spahn's steps to the mound were taken at normal speed, his new Met cap kept firmly on his head. There he was, with his familiar hawk nose, his shoulder shrug, his left arm pressed tight to his left leg. When he reached the mound he nervously began to dig it up the way pitchers do, but the applause continued. Spahn had thought about this return for a long, long time, but he was overwhelmed by it. As the applause kept on, he lifted his cap up over his head and turned so that he could see down the right-field line. He looked upstairs and down. His eyes moved around the entire ball park as though he was thanking everyone. When the crowd finally sat back he ran his left hand over his eyes.

The crowd was a fine turnout, but there were some people in Milwaukee who did not go. Eddie Rentner, a retired policeman who once was a season-ticket holder, sat in a bar and listened to the game on the radio. "I saw every opener here until today," he said. "I remember that first one. Bruton won it with a homer in the 10th and I watched it wearing earmuffs. I should be there today. Believe me, my heart is, but I'm not going this year. Not here. There is no incentive here now that the Braves are going. I'll go down to Chicago to see baseball."

Naturally, the Braves won, and they won because Bob Sadowski pitched a four-hitter. When the game was over, the reporters stormed after Sadowski, trying to make something out of the fact that he was married to a girl from Atlanta. Sadowski walked away from the questions. One reporter asked Bragan if he had started Sadowski because Sadowski came from Atlanta. Bragan's brown eyes seemed to burn.

In all, though, Opening Day was a success, but the second game, played two days later, was a mess. A light snow had fallen during the night, and the city awoke to 40° weather. The ball game should have been postponed. It was not, because of a commitment the club had with the American Broadcasting Company, which had scheduled the game for 4:15 p.m. so that it could be telecast, for some reason, to the West Coast. Only 3,362 people showed up, and it began to look like a long, cold summer.

There is an old show-business saying that may fit the Milwaukee situation this year: "We opened and closed in one." Maybe the city will go out to see the team play if the Braves stay in the pennant race (and with the type of hitting Milwaukee has it could be in the pennant race all year long). But the resentment against the management is thicker than a southern malted, and everyone in the state of Wisconsin carries this resentment with him wherever he goes. In the fifth inning of that cold second game, Bragan came out of the dugout to remove a pitcher, and the fans booed him tumultuously. It was the first outward show of dislike the Braves had experienced. Bragan took it philosophically. "You have to expect it under the circumstances," he said. **END**

You'll know the thrill of control as never before!

Starcraft '65 deep-vee hulls make you feel like a master seaman. You'll thrill to new improved handling characteristics. Enthuse over the speed and quick planing action. And, delight the ladies with the softer, smoother ride. Both Newport-V and Suncruiser-V are big and roomy enough for packs of fun-lovers. Versatile enough for camping, cruising, fishing, skiing, skin diving, partying and picnicking. Write for free Starcraft '65 catalog. Starcraft Boat Company, Dept. SI-4, Goshen, Indiana.

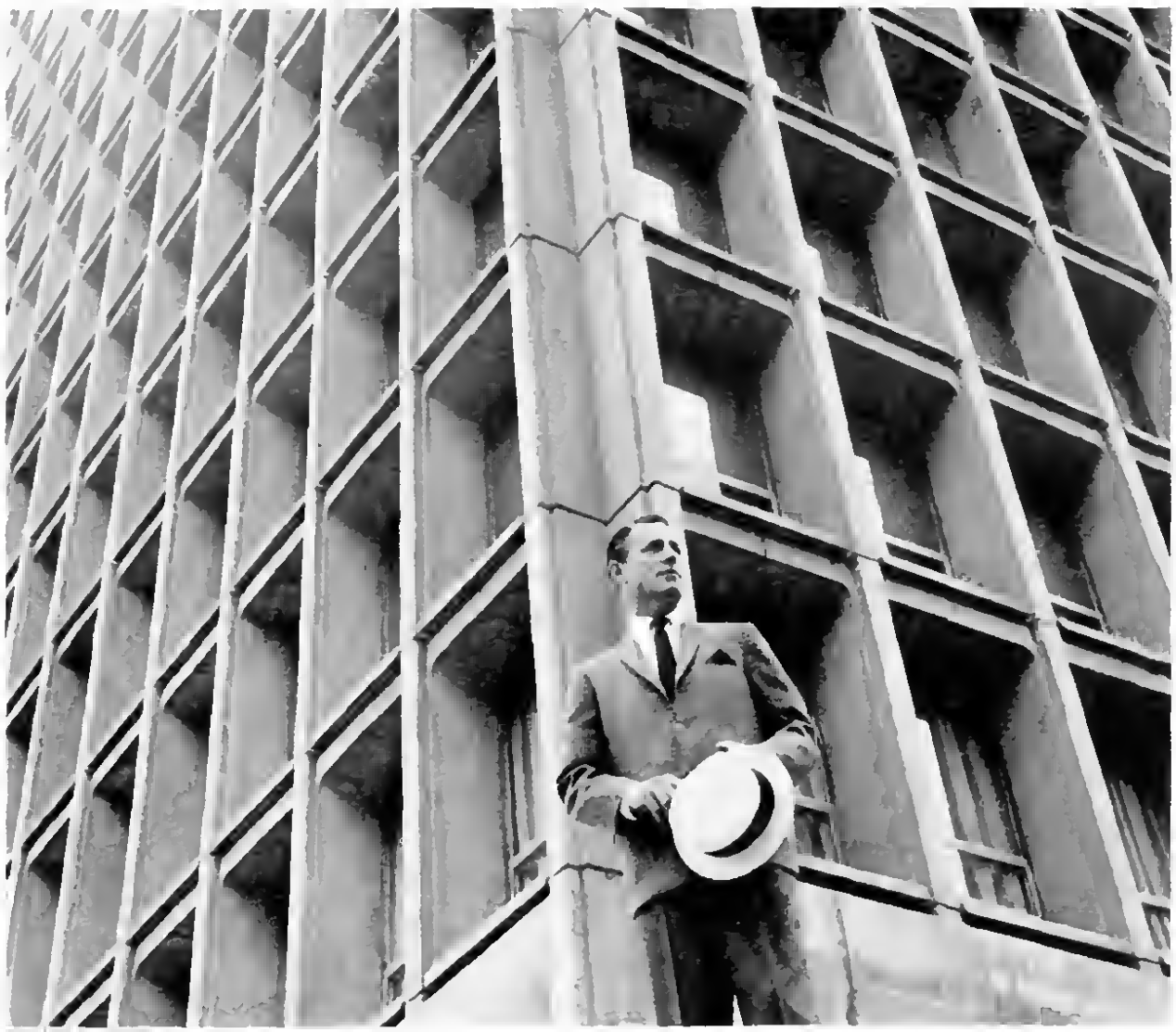


Newport V, 16 ft. deep-vee lapstroke fiberglass with 120 MerCruiser stern drive, above left. Outboard version, at right, takes up to 100 h.p. motors. Suncruiser-V, 20 ft. deep-vee lapstroke fiberglass with 150 h.p. MerCruiser stern drive below.



Dimension X brings new interest to the casual look

Pacific Mills has come up with a new way to weave light-weight Dacron® and wool that means exciting new clothing for men. We call the process "Dimension X" because these fabrics have textures that suggest inner depth, and because colors, too, are deeper. Perfect example, Varsity-Town's "Duo," sport coat and slacks of Dimension X fabric , luxury-loomed for each other, luxury-tailored by Varsity-Town Ask to see these dimensional fabrics in the Picture Suit® collection You'll thank us for calling them to your attention At these and other fine stores: L S AYRES, Indianapolis • FRANKENBERGER'S, Charleston HEAVENRICH & CO , Saginaw • F & R. LAZARUS, Columbus MAY D & F Denver • SANDE FASHIONS FOR MEN Laredo



TAILORED BY Varsity-Town / FABRICS BY Pacific



SWING NOW, MADAM!

GOOD OLD IMPERFECT GOLF WAS STAN MILTON'S LAST RECOURSE IN THE COMPUTER-RIDDEN YEAR 2033. THEN HE TEED OFF WITH A BADLY PROGRAMMED ROBOT, AND TRANSISTORS BLEW / BY TREVOR O'BRIEN

Compcon Milton, S. stared at his vacant appointment pad and sighed. Twice.

Computer controllers in the very top bracket rarely had anything oo their caleodars. They were called in only on policy matters. Or in case of trouble. If there was much trouble, they did not long remain Grade 1—1 A maybe, or IB, depending. Govcon saw to lhat. Govcon replaced people the way it ordered its own valves replaced.

Milton, S. sighed again. It was a long way to the top, and then what? He checked the desk pad. Wednesday, October 12, 2033. So what. The daily motto read: "Tomorrow is for the lazy. Program it today."

Wednesday. Wnden's day. Wednesday! There was a four-ball tournament at the club every Wednesday. He had not been in the group for months, but it was a beautiful day and he might be able to pick up a game. Just the thing. He was going stale.

Compcon Milton, S., whose friends call him Stan, jabbed the secretary button. "Miss Mackenzie," be said, "I have to go out on . . . on a matter of . . . um . . . figures that need some revision. Check me out, will you? At, let's see, 1415 hours."

"It is 1411 hours, sir." The voice was strange. "Figure revision, sir. Compcon Milton, S. out at 1411 hours."

"Never mind!" Milton rasped. "Where is my secretary?"

There was a small silence, punctuated by a humming noise, before the voice said rapidly; "Compconsec Mackenzie, A. (F) was retired as of 0905 this morning, sir, having worked two days five minutes past allotted work span, being due for retirement October 10, 0900 hours at age 45 years."

"Damn her age!" said Stan Miltoo. He knew it, anyway. "Who ordered retirement?"

"Ordered by Compcon Grade 1E Jerrett, F., sir," the voice said promptly.

Franklin Jerrett, eh? Jerrett the efficient, the brilliant, the oew, the young, had done It, had he? Both Stan Miltoo and Aileen Mackenzie had known her retirement was overdue. They had tacitly agreed to ignore it.

She was a perfect secretary. More than that, Stan Milton tbought, suddenly feeling very lonely. She was a friend. And in a department where you did not always know if a friend was going to disappear in favor of some piece of machinery, this was a blow.

"Then you're new," be said into the intercom. "Come in and let me have a look at you."

"Sorry, sir, I can't."

"What do you mean, you can't?" Stan Milton shouted. "Do as you're told!"

"Yes, sir," the voice said, with unruffled calm, "but I can't. I am built into the wall."

"Oh God!" said Stao Milton. "Another one."

"Yes, sir," said the voice. "Will that be all, sir?"

"Well, it's enough for one day," Milton said viciously, and he slammed bis finger down on the out button.

Soon he was in his autocar and headed for the golf club. It was a lovely autumn afternoon, and as he drove, bis anger began to diminish. The roadscrapers had done a marvelous job in routiog subhighways through the best country. With all industrial installations long ago built underground and the landscape remodeled, there were only some senior officials' country homes to be seen. These were esthetically programmed into the hillsides. He had had one himself before his wife died and he moved to an apartment in the city.

As he rolled nearer the club, Milton felt the bitterness returning. Blast this computer-controlled civilization, be thought. Let's see. He himself had another two years to go before he was due to retire. Probably to make way for Jerrett, he thought, or someone who had piled up, in his computerized career, sufficient points to go in above say, Charley Bullock, his weekend golfing partner. Charley was unavailable during the week, because he was only Compcon Grade 1C. Maybe if all the foursomes had teed off, he could get a game with the pro; Ben Harris. Good idea, actually. Harris always helped bim with his game.

The autocar slowed, turned left and slid into the club parking lot. *continued*

YOU HAD TO LOOK CLOSELY TO TELL THAT ITS GLASS EYES CONTAINED TELEPHOTO LENSES

For him the parking place was closer to the locker room than a 1B or 1C or Grade-2 man could command. The infinite classness of the classless, automated society, he thought as he changed. There was no one in the lounge.

"All the foursomes have gone off," the girl in the office said. At least she was a real girl.

"Ben Harris here today?" he asked.

"Oh no, Mr. Milton," she answered. "Haven't you heard? His retirement came up last week. Surely I sent you the reminder about the testimonial dinner?"

So Ben was gone, too. Yet another of his friends. There had been some talk of making Ben a member of the club—if they could get it through Leiscon. Ben was supposed to go for a world holiday trip. He did not want to go, but he would.

"Then who do I play with?" Milton asked. "Who is the new pro?"

"We have two," the girl said.

"Two?"

"Yes, two. They are the very latest; from Leiscon, of course, and I must say they are amazingly lifelike."

"Robots?" he asked.

"They call them probots, Mr. Milton. Leiscon has been working on them for a year. Apparently they found programming for golf tougher than they expected. In fact, one of the engineers complained that it was nearly impossible."

"Did he, indeed?" said Milton. "Any golfer could have told him that. Why, there is more to golf than even Govcon could chew over in a week. It is not just the game itself, you know. There is the turf, and the wind and the golfer himself—why, there must be a trillion different ways two people can play even one hole, let alone 18."

"I know, Mr. Milton," she said. "I play myself. But let's see about a game for you."

She touched a button. "Are you there, Stephen?" she asked. "Wanted on the first tee." The speaker remained silent. "Oh dear!" she said, turning to Milton. "He must be out on the course, and his call-back circuit is still giving trouble. What about Kenneth?"

"I'd still rather have Ben," said Milton. "He at least knows my game, which is more than one of these machines ever will. O.K., try Kenneth."

"Kenneth," she said into the speaker. "Wanted on the first tee. To meet Mr. Milton for"—she turned to Milton—"a full round, Mr. Milton?"

"Might just get one in," he said, and the girl repeated the message.

The voice that answered was a warm baritone. "O.K., office," it said, and only a slight hesitation between words betrayed its mechanical origin. "Milton. First tee. At once. Initials, classification and handicap, please."

"Milton, S., Compcon Grade 1. Handicap 13," the girl said.

She cut off and turned to Milton, anticipating his question. "They have to know for the record," she said. "And the handicap is to help them to adjust their game to yours. He will probably give you an aptitude test."

"A what? I've been playing golf for 20 years and I need an aptitude test?"

"Sorry, Mr. Milton, but the Leiscon people want data for more work on these probots. It is essential. I am sure you won't mind."

No, Stan Milton thought. I won't mind. Wouldn't matter a damn if I did.

He found the probot, Kenneth, on the tee, staring at the flag on the first green, 400 yards away. From the back you would not have known it from one of the younger members. It was a golfing machine that looked like any golfer, only neater than most. At the sound of his footsteps, the probot turned.

"Good afternoon, madam," it said in that winning baritone.

"How's that again?" said Milton.

The probot hesitated, scanning him slowly from head to toe. You had to look very closely to tell that its eyes were glass and that the plastic blue irises surrounded telephoto lenses for the binocular cameras in the brain.

"Sorry, sir. I am the probot for the women's group and am programmed for that form of address. There was no command letter in the classification the office gave me. That was a program error. I have adjusted. I have now adjusted. Will you swing, please?"

"I'll swing when I'm ready," Milton said. "And get your tapes in order, will you?"

He did not like this smooth, athlete-type machine with the slick plastic skin, the blank eyes and the spotless golfing outfit. It looked too much like the young man who had edged him out of the club championship five—no, six—years back.

"Yes, sir," the probot said calmly. "May I point out that I am programmed to respond to the name Kenneth. If you refer to me by product name or type number—PRX one bar 232—I may misunderstand your requests for help. Would you swing, please? I have to note and file your potential game."

"My potential is scratch," said Milton crisply. "But I have never made it."

Kenneth emitted an audible hum. It was there all the time, Milton noticed, but for a moment it was louder. Then the probot said: "Scratch has equivocal connotations. Par is the correct word, the correct word. Now swing, please. You will not feel my touch on your arm, but it will enable me to judge your potential drive."

And it was so. Stan Milton was hardly aware of the probot's touch as he tried a full practice swing. There was a slight pause. "One hundred eighty-five," Kenneth said. "That was a full swing?"

"One of my best," answered Milton smoothly. "And if you think I can't drive more than 185 yards you should get your drums examined." He felt better now. "For your information," he said, "I have more than once driven the short 10th, which is 220 yards from the back tee."

"Two hundred seventeen point six," said the probot. "Yards. But I compute in meters, not yards. Your data are probably correct, deducting for ego, allowing for humidity—68% at the moment—and for probable wind assistance."

"Nobody plays golf in meters," Stan Milton said. "Stand back and let my ego show you how."

"There is a slight crosswind, which should not affect your shot, but the bunker on the left is at the extreme range of your drive," the probot said.

"Thank you, Kenneth, but I have played this hole before. I also can see the

continued

Satisfy your smoking taste
with **MADISON** Little Cigars
...even without inhaling!





MADISON
LITTLE CIGARS

- Satisfying cigar taste
- Slim, trim cigarette size
- Genuine cork tip, crush-proof box.

McGregor serves up new Don Budge lightning-white tennis wear with "Kodel."



Dragon Tipper Knit of 50% Kodel polyester, 50% cotton shows red and blue stripes on collar and sleeves. Dragon emblem, too. $5. Pro I shorts of 55% Kodel polyester, 45% rayon have adjustable waistband and side tabs. $7.95.

* Kodel is a Reg. T.M. of Eastman Kodak.

McGREGOR

For the man on the move

Also boy-sized, boy-priced. Made in Canada, too. McGregor-Doniger, Inc., New York 19, N. Y.

flag on the green, and I am aware that the wind is not blowing overmuch. I intend to put my drive to the right and will probably play a four-wood to the green."

"A three would be better," said the probot. "O.K. Milton S., Compcon Grade 1, handicap 13, height 1.82 meters—broad build, portly, resistant." It ratified off more data and a string of reference figures and fell silent.

"Are you quite finished?" Milton asked gently.

"No, one moment," said the probot. "Your left hand is too far over the shaft. Much too far. All other factors being equal, you will hook into the bunker, if you get that far."

"All other things being equal," said Stan Milton with icy calm, "I will compensate for my left hand as I have been doing for 20 years and hit this ball with a slight draw to the right center of the fairway. Watch."

"Impossible," said the probot, "because of grip fault plus ingrained resistance to outside suggestion." It hummed faintly and added: "Refer grade and history."

"Keep your diagnosis to yourself," Stan Milton said, and swung. The ball went screaming out to the right of the fairway, took the draw imparted by his inside-out swing and rolled to a stop in a good lie in the right center of the fairway.

The probot stepped to the tee, paused a fraction and then duplicated Milton's grip to within a millimeter. The ball started out to the right but came around. It kept on coming, finally dropping into the left-hand bunker, 180 yards from the green.

"You must learn to compensate," Milton said, and walked off the tee. His automatic buggy followed him on its rubber caterpillar tracks.

"That shot was a lesson for you," the probot said, walking after him with his own autobuggy following. "If you had played the rest of the shot correctly, as I did, you too would be in the bunker. Golf is a matter of coordinating the muscle movements in accordance with certain physical laws to produce the desired placement of a mass, A, in a certain physical position, B, followed by position B^1, B^2, B^3 and so on, the final aim being to deposit mass A in the cup."

It hummed happily.

"I thought it was a game," Milton said.

"To succeed," the probot went on, "one must obey the laws of physics, modified by what may be called adventitious factors—wind, humidity, rain and individual physical differences, such as your girth, which is overlarge for your height."

"Yours, of course, is perfect," said Milton.

"Yes," the probot said.

"Like your swing," said Milton.

"Yes," the probot said "I am a perfect golfer."

"And you are in the bunker," said Milton, looking at the probot's half-buried ball, "with a lousy lie and nearly 200 yards to the green. Good luck, my electronic hotshot!"

"You might care to watch this shot," said the probot. It took a practice swing with a three-iron, which was so fast that the club was a mere blur, and prepared to move into the bunker.

"Hold it!" said Milton. "Don't forget, you are playing a human's kind of golf. If you try any of that thousand-horsepower stuff you are cheating."

The probot paused and looked at him closely. "That is correct. That is correct," it said. It studied the lie of the ball and peered at the distant flag. Then it shuffled its feet into a firm stance in the sand and made a tentative practice swing.

"Kenneth," said Stan Milton gently, "do you propose to use my grip, or your own?"

"That lesson is over," the probot said. "I will play correct golf until the end of the lesson, the end of the lesson."

"You are in a rut," Milton said, "and if you were Ben Harris I would bet you a ball you do not get within 50 yards of the green."

The probot swung, and the ball flew out, high and straight, but short. It hit a hard patch and jumped sideways, neatly placing a bush between itself and the flag, as is the way of golf balls.

"Too bad," said Milton. "But you might be on in three."

continued

Kodak

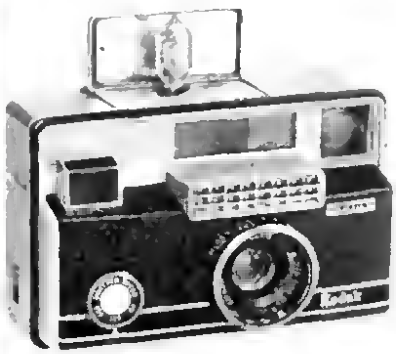
does practically everything for you automatically



and loads instantly, too

The KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera is the most convenient, most automatic, most helpful precision camera in the world today. It loads *automatically*... *automatically* adjusts for film speed ... *automatically* advances the film for you after each shot... *automatically* adjusts the fast *f*/2.8 lens for correct exposure ... *automatically* switches to flash speed when you pop up the built-in flash holder... *automatically* indicates by rangefinder when focus is correct ... and more, much more! This extraordinary precision camera costs less than $130. See the KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 —and the many other KODAK INSTAMATIC Cameras—at your Kodak dealer's. *Price subject to change without notice*

KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera



EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY ROCHESTER N.Y.



Fond of things Italiano? Try a sip of Galliano

As delightfully Italian as the colorful figure of the carabiniere. . .is the liquid gold of Galliano, the legendary liqueur. In Livorno, it is said they distill the rays of the sun and put them into each drop of Galliano. Yours to enjoy in the tall, tapered bottle. Galliano, the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR. IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©McK&R, 1969

He walked over to his own ball and took out his four-wood.

"A three would be better," said Kenneth. "You are 173.73 meters from the pin, with a heavy lie."

"I hit my four-wood low all the time," said Milton. "I'll get there O.K."

After a slight, humming pause the probot said, "You will land short of the green and bounce left into the bunker if you use a four-wood, even hitting it in the way you describe."

"Want to bet?" said Milton, and swung. The shot was perfect. It landed 15 feet from the pin and rolled forward about three feet.

Kenneth turned sharply and walked off toward his own ball. His autobuggy, jumping into action, hurried after him so quickly that it cannoned into him and tried to climb up his leg. There was a flash of sparks, and the autobuggy stopped dead. On the plastic of Kenneth's golf trousers a burn scar showed.

"You will have to haul it yourself, I'm afraid," said Stan Milton. "See you on the green."

The probot grabbed his autobuggy by the manual-control handle and walked to his ball. His shot was beautifully executed, but it caught the top of the intruding bush and ended up 40 feet from the pin.

Stan Milton pulled out his putter. It was a rusted relic of an older age. The man who had given it to him had himself welded on an oval chunk of metal off-center behind the blade. It was a monster, and it had won Stan Milton a fortune in side bets.

Given one of his hot spells, Milton had performed marvels with this club. But because the weight was off-center he had learned to put his right hand under the shaft, and he never, never followed through. The resulting jab was a masterpiece of ugly action.

The probot studied his own putt minutely, stroked gently, like a man caressing a cat, and put the ball an inch from the hole.

"Short," said Stan Milton. "Never up, never in, as we old timers say. I'll give you that." Then he adjusted his hands and prepared to putt.

"One moment," said the probot.

continued



What every young married couple should know about family finances

New free booklet can help you anticipate money problems before they start.

"Questions involving money are going to come up almost every day, for the rest of your lives." So says Suzanne Strait, a writer and authority on such matters, in "Marriage and Money," a new booklet that can be yours—compliments of New York Life.

It's only natural that money should pose problems, she points out. To solve them, you need patience, understanding—and guidance. To help you, the author gives many tips on buying food, clothing and other necessities. She also offers advice on coping with financial emergencies.

In this booklet you'll find specific comments mixed with wise philosophy on how to reach financial decisions peaceably, sensibly ... how to plan your spending when you first set up housekeeping ... how to avoid mistakes young married couples often make.

Your copy is free. This interesting booklet is the latest in New York Life's series on Family Financial Planning.

NEW YORK LIFE

To get your copy of "Marriage and Money" send the coupon or ask the New York Life Agent in your community. He's a good man to know.

THIS COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON A POSTCARD

New York Life Insurance Company
Box 10 Madison Square Station
New York, New York 10010
(In Canada: 443 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.)

Please send me a free copy of "Marriage and Money."

I am ☐ am not ☐ a New York Life policy owner.

L-25

Name_____ Age_____

Address_____

City_____ County_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

Life Insurance • Group Insurance • Annuities
Health Insurance • Pension Plans

Rugged individual



Nothing works like, looks like, lasts like the Gravely.

Talk about tough, and you talk about the Gravely. It's a tough customer, does tough jobs fast. With its 31 hard-working attachments, the Gravely Tractor has power you can feel and appreciate. It's a standout, with front-running attachments for greater maneuverability, safety and performance. It mows like it loves it, digs gardens like a man after buried treasure, and scoops or blows snow like an eager Eskimo. Gravelys are so rugged they'll still be going strong after the kids grow up. Want a trial run? Want to take a look? See your local dealer. Send for our free catalog. It's fun. So is the Gravely. **Be a Rugged individual on our budget plan.**

GRAVELY

Studebaker

7854 GRAVELY LANE
DUNBAR,
WEST VIRGINIA 25064

"Your grip is quite wrong, quite wrong. And that club is highly inefficient, inefficient, inefficient."

"Will you shut up when I'm putting?" Milton said, "or do you need to be turned back for a course in etiquette?"

"But your grip is quite wrong, madam," the probot said. "Quite wrong, quite wrong, quite wro. . ."

"Stop calling me madam!" said Milton.

"Transistors," the probot said quietly, "I am sorry, am sorry. I am the professional to the women, and I was not programmed. I have now adjusted, now adjusted, I have adjusted."

"Like hell you've adjusted," Stan Milton said, addressing the ball again.

His putt, a fierce jab, miraculously slowed as it neared the hole, teetered on the edge and then dropped in.

"Birdie!" he said, and walked off the green.

On the next tee the probot said, "If you care to watch my drive I will demonstrate the best position to place the ball for the second shot."

"After me you will," Milton said. "It's my honor, remember? I got the birdie." He chuckled to himself.

The second hole was a short par-4. Milton usually contrived to hit the green with a five-iron second, though his built-in hook meant there was a danger of pulling into the bunkers on the left.

This time he hit the green, just missed a birdie and got his par.

"Stop hissing!" he said, after his putt for the three had circled the hole.

Kenneth said nothing, sank a putt from four feet for a birdie and marched rigidly to the 3rd tee.

From the back, Stan Milton thought, he looked even more like that guy—what was his name?—who had beaten him for the championship. He had seen a lot of that young man from the back.

He lost the next two holes to Kenneth's pars. The probot said nothing when Stan Milton won back the 5th. Milton had hooked his second shot high and wild into the trees at the left. It hit a branch, bounced onto the green and stopped 12 inches from the hole. His

continued



The jet is fairly common. The airline is one of a kind.

You see Jets just about everywhere these days.

Big airlines have them. Small airlines have them.

And with good reason: the Jet is the modern way to go places.

But there's more to running an airline than having a fleet of the finest aircraft.

And there's much more to *choosing* an airline than comparing timetables or menus. What you want more than anything else is confidence, peace of mind, assurance. Call it what you will, it means everything.

And it's yours when you fly the world's most experienced airline.

Come fly with us soon.

You can board a Jet Clipper® in any one of 17 cities 'round the U.S.A.

You can plan a trip to any one of 83 lands 'round the world.

And, wherever you go, you'll have the good feeling that comes from flying the very best there is.

There's nothing like it in all the world.

World's most experienced airline

First on the Atlantic
First on the Pacific
First in Latin America
First 'Round the World

The ultimate total performance car— Ford GT!

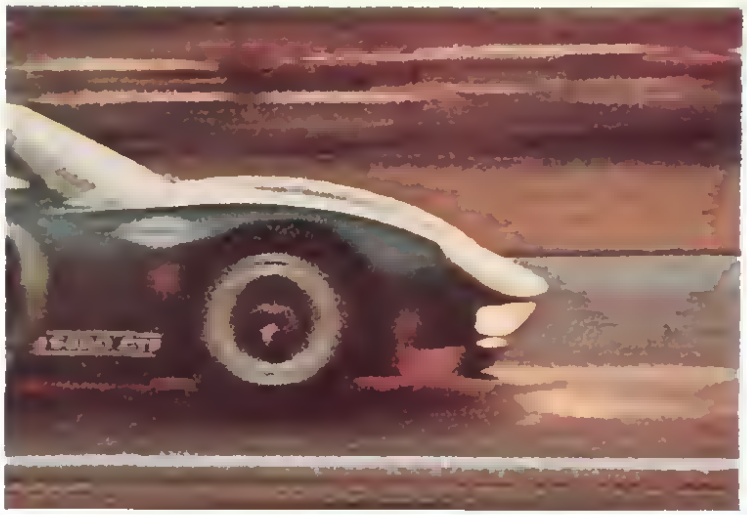




The car it inspired— new Mustang GT!

Here's Mustang's brilliant new package for the driver who knows what Total Performance really ought to mean. Who else delivers exhilaration like this: a 225-horsepower V-8, fueled through a four-barrel carburetor. A three-speed all-synchromesh floor shift. A straight-through exhaust trumpeting through dual tailpipes. Front disc brakes. Built-in fog lamps. The cornering power of Mustang's special handling package. A GT insignia on the front fenders and the new symbol of Total Performance—the GT stripe—above the rocker panels.

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE



Rear brake discs glowing red-hot, the Ford GT slows for a corner in the Daytona 2000-kilometer endurance classic. In 12 hours 27 minutes of incredible punishment it out-braked, out-handled, out-sprinted Europe's and America's greatest entries. On the toughest proving ground of all it proved itself the world's ultimate road car—and the engineering inspiration for more bold new ideas from Ford.



And, inside, a custom GT five-dial instrument cluster including ammeter and oil pressure gauge, trimmed in black camera case finish.

That's the basic GT package. It will light up most drivers' veins like neon tubing. But for even lustier appetites, there's a super-option—Mustang's 271-horsepower solid lifter V-8 and the four-speed manual shift. Both packages available on hardtop, convertible or 2 + 2.

Happy news—and it's all spelled out at your Ford dealer's. Take a reading. Soon!

MUSTANG

Unique Ford GT stripe—
badge of America's greatest
total performance cars!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY PAVILION, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



three islands for sail

Here's a day dream to play with; you charter a yacht and her captain in St. Thomas. Figure around $20 a day per person—that's about average for a yacht with auxiliary engines, teak decks, ship-to-shore and sleeping accommodations for, say, six.

Give yourself two weeks. Okay now, you (and your five friends) loaf around St. Thomas for a few days. Swim, sun, drink cold things made with Virgin Islands rum (a fifth goes for maybe $1.50). Or go ashore for minor diversions. Like draping yourself on a Mediterranean-looking terrace above the harbor for a lavish dinner and a stunning view of *your* yacht.

In a day or so give your captain the orders to sail. And head east for openers.

The first you'll see of St. John is a tall spine of mountains. As you sail in you'll see the island is scalloped with coves, inlets and beaches. Wade ashore for a picnic (take rum).

Then after a day or so exploring, put up the canvas and head southwest. Bear in mind that many a galleon preceded you in these waters. It's time to hit the high spots again. Your next port of call—St. Croix. Romp through Christiansted and Frederiksted. Snorkle around. Invite friends aboard.

Heard enough? The day dream is over, but if you fly Caribair from San Juan you can be standing on the dock picking out your yacht thirty minutes later. Ask a travel agent—he'll tell you the same thing, or write to the U.S. Virgin Islands Government Information Center, 16 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

The U.S. Virgin Islands

St. Croix / St. John / St. Thomas

putt again ran around the perimeter of the hole, but this time the ball fell in.

On the next tee Kenneth said: "These occurrences you call luck—you seem to have them with considerable frequency."

"When you have played this game as long as I have," said Stan Milton, "you will realize that some days you are hot, and some days you are not hot. Today I am running hot. I can't lose."

"You are mistaken," the probot said stiffly. "You have no more than the normal temperature of a man of your age and girth indulging in this kind of exercise on a 70° day. My radiation counter gives you a reading close to that which should produce maximum efficiency. However, you are losing energy through overmuch sweat production, which is caused by your being overweight. If you continue at this rate you will be too tired to play before we reach the 18th."

"You should be giving me 10 strokes," Milton said, "and so far I am only one down. What sort of probot do you call yourself?"

"Type number PRX one bar 232," said Kenneth rapidly. "Oh, I see what you mean." There was a pause. "The X indicates that I am experimental. My reactions to this and the other rounds I will have played during my 72-hour proving runs will be built into my circuits thereafter."

"Well, keep your head down," Milton said sourly.

Five holes later, with a couple of lucky bounces and a miracle putt or two, Stan Milton found himself one up. He had been in the rough most of the way and escaped as though an angel was playing for him.

On the next hole, a par-5 dogleg left, he said, "Tell you what, Kenneth. I'll show you how to cut the corner here so that you have a chance of getting on in two—if you are lucky."

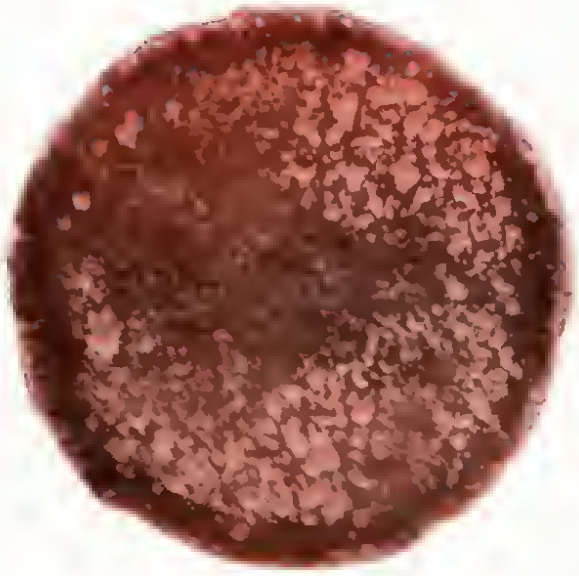
"Golf is not a game of chance but of science and some unseen causes," the probot answered. "Your potential is not great enough to do as you suggest. It would be quite wrong to attempt it, to attempt it, to attempt it. If you wish, I will demonstrate the shot you contemplate, but I would not advise you to—"

continued

When you open a ream of Moistrite Matte, you know what you're getting into. 500 flat sheets of paper, that's what! But there's more. A soft, matte finish that controls inks. Superb printability. Welcome economy. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD *papers*

Flat as a sheet of Moistrite Matte.



Mead Papers, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

quality, comfort, elegance... the Spring brogue at it's best



Most styles 16.95 to 26.95

WEYENBERG *Massagic Shoes*

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO. Milwaukee 1, Wis., makers of famous Weyenberg Massagic, Portage, Porto-Ped Shoes for Men



HAHN-ECLIPSE

POW-R-BOY® 200

Granny says her Hahn-Eclipse Pow-R-Boy 200 is so maneuverable, she has no trouble maintaining her record as a 7-goal "man" in the rest home polo league. She likes the one-lever speed control and reverse because it leaves her mallet arm free for swinging. In between chukkers she engages the blade and grooms the field. (While safety means nothing to Granny, those with less derring-do will appreciate the fact that you start the blade only after you are safely in the saddle.) Thanks to Pow-R-Boy, not only does Granny's rest home have the best polo team, but also the finest playing field. Couldn't *your* polo grounds use a good grooming with a Hahn-Eclipse Pow-R-Boy 200?

Write for literature

HAHN-ECLIPSE CO.
Dept. SI-465,
Evansville, Ind. 47717

WE MOVE SOME MIGHTY ADVENTURESOME PEOPLE!



But you'll never catch them taking chances when they choose a mover. They rely on United's "Pre-Planned" care to handle the details of getting there. ■ All possessions are packed by United professionals, with "breakables" nestled in special containers... fine-finishes guarded by padding. And only United provides the protection of super-clean Sanitized® vans. ■ So before you take the plunge... why not talk to United? Call today for a free estimate. We're easy to find in the Yellow Pages. ■

MOVING WITH CARE ..EVERYWHERE®



Get 'new city' information... answers to personal moving questions... FREE from United's BETTE MALONE CONSULTANT SERVICE

"Yes, I know. Attempt it. Off the tee, Kenneth, and let me show you."

"I am the instructor and I am to show you. I am programmed to teach you, not be taught. Not be taught. My golf is perfect. Your grip is faulty. One cannot play golf if the grip is faulty. Therefore you cannot play golf correctly, correctly, correctly."

"Perhaps not. But I am one up."

"Unforeseen factors. Your grip is faulty. You cannot play the shot you have programmed for yourself."

"No? Watch!" As he lined up the shot, Stan Milton said a small prayer.

"Your grip is faulty," said Kenneth.

Milton straightened up, spat on his hands and again addressed the ball.

"That is a tension superstition," Kenneth said.

Milton was at the top of his backswing when Kenneth spoke again, running the carefully articulated words together: "Yourgripiswrongmadam."

Milton ignored it.

Head still, and stay down to it. Aim to cut about 50 feet off the corner. A high ball, even with a not very long drive, would drop on the fairway, shortening the hole by 70 or 80 yards. Let it be so! He breathed, and swung.

It was beautiful.

As he watched it, admiring the graceful flight of the ball as it soared over the corner and vanished toward the distant fairway, he became aware that all was not well with Kenneth.

The probot was standing with his head slightly bent, humming loudly. For the first time Milton noticed that at the base of the skull there was a plastic panel with two buttons. One was glowing bright red.

Over the loud hum Kenneth spoke: "Your grip is wrong madam, therefore you cannot play golf, sir. I have adjusted, have adjusted, to teach you. I am sorry that you cannot play golf I am programmed for the grip is wrong to certain physical laws to produce the desired placement of a mass, A. . . ."

There was an extra-loud whir, and the voice stopped. A faint smell of burning plastic spread on the soft autumn air, and Stan Milton knew he had won the biggest golf match of his life. END

The Riviera with muscles on its muscles.
New Riviera Gran Sport.



There has always been a vast body of admirers who wouldn't change a hair on the normal Riviera's chest for the world. But we have discovered, lurking in the wings, a cluster of hotbloods who secretly have been yearning for a little more heat. Thus, the Riviera Gran Sport. It packs a 425-cubic inch, 360-hp, V-8 with 465 lb-ft of torque. (Numbers were never lovelier.) And we went behind the firewall, too. A limited-slip differential. Power-assisted brakes and steering. And you can specify the heavy-duty set of springs, shocks and stabilizer bar. What happens when you put everything together is the most exciting automobile to travel any road. Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

One of the new Gran Sports from Buick

BUICK MOTOR

NEW



86.8 proof mild...8 years mellow

What's so wonderful about NEW Old Fitzgerald Prime Straight?

Just that it's the most flavorful Bourbon ever bottled at mild popular proof! Here's why:

Like your Bourbon *mild?* Fine . . . but mildness alone never made a whiskey *great*. Only great *flavor* can do that.

Now, in Old Fitz Prime Straight, you get the mildness you're looking for . . . plus the mellow, "smoothed-out" flavor you've waited for!

It caused quite a stir around our country distillery when we began to gentle Old Fitz Prime Straight down to an easy-going 86.8 proof . . . after 70 years of strictly Bonded Old Fitzgerald. But "mighty mild" is only half the story.

It takes Time to be Prime. Our "new" Fitzgerald has been naturally aged in oak barrels for *eight* full years. Being Old Fitzgerald, it is a *prime* distillation, made on our old-fashioned sour mash Bourbon recipe—and brought to a *prime* maturity of flavor which mine-run whiskeys can never achieve. It is, in fact, drawn from the same barrels laid down for our liqueur-quality Very Old Fitzgerald . . . vintage whiskey which connoisseurs regard as the most prized Bourbon in the world! Only recently have we been able to lay by enough of these prime barrels to make Old Fitz Prime Straight possible.

We invite you to compare it with your present whiskey—or with *any* premium Bourbon you can find that approaches it in age and pedigree. (Check prices, too—you're in for a pleasant surprise.) We think you'll conclude Old Fitz Prime Straight is not only mighty *mild*—but mighty *mellow!*

How to tell the "new" from the "old": We've designed a handsome new gold-capped bottle for Old Fitz Prime . . . and shaded the label to an attractive limestone grey-green, reminiscent of our Kentucky limestone springs. So there won't be any confusion between Original Old Fitz Bond and Old Fitz Prime Straight. (Needless to say, there'll be no change in the appearance, contents, or availability of Bonded Old Fitz.)

What else is New? Nothing. We haven't changed our traditional sour mash recipe one iota. Fitzgerald Bourbon is Fitzgerald Bourbon. One name, one quality. But now, two age, proof combinations.

Try Old Fitz Prime Straight. Mighty mild . . . mighty mellow! We can't think of *any* reason you wouldn't want to adopt it. Unless you're already a Bonded Old Fitz man . . . in which case we salute your good taste and invite you to carry on!

OLD FITZGERALD

Your Key to Hospitality



Original 100 Proof Bottled-in-Bond

New 86 8 Proof Prime Straight

STITZEL-WELLER, America's Oldest Family Distillery • Established Louisville, Kentucky, 1849 • Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

STUBBORN RUBBER

That's what Pure Pride tires are made of.

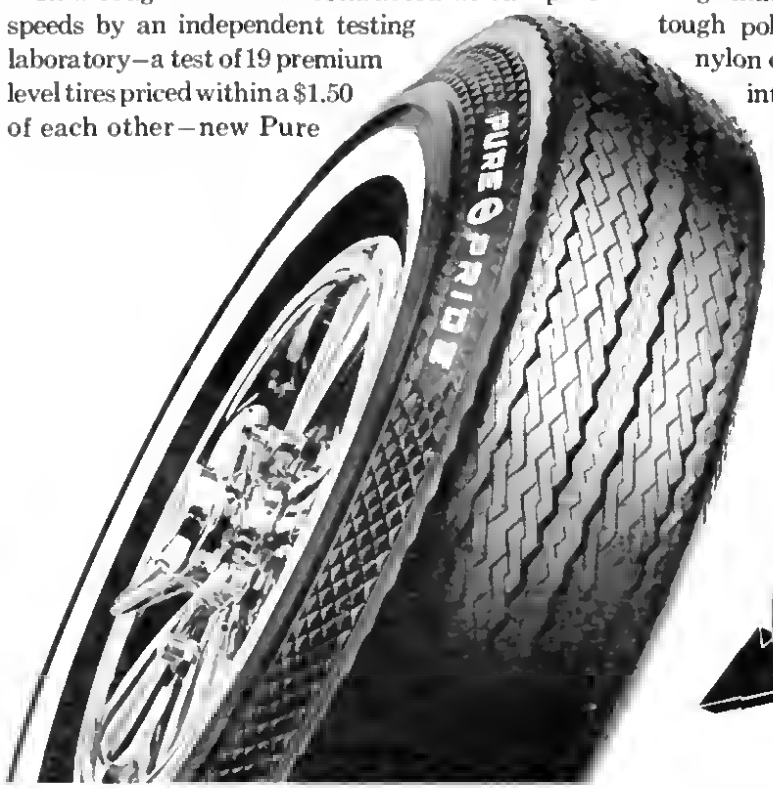
Pure Prides wear longer—35% longer—than any other tires in their class. And we've got the cold, hard statistics to prove it.

In a tough wear test conducted at turnpike speeds by an independent testing laboratory—a test of 19 premium level tires priced within a $1.50 of each other—new Pure Prides came out on top. With 35% more tread left than the second-place tire.

And that means 35% more mileage for you!

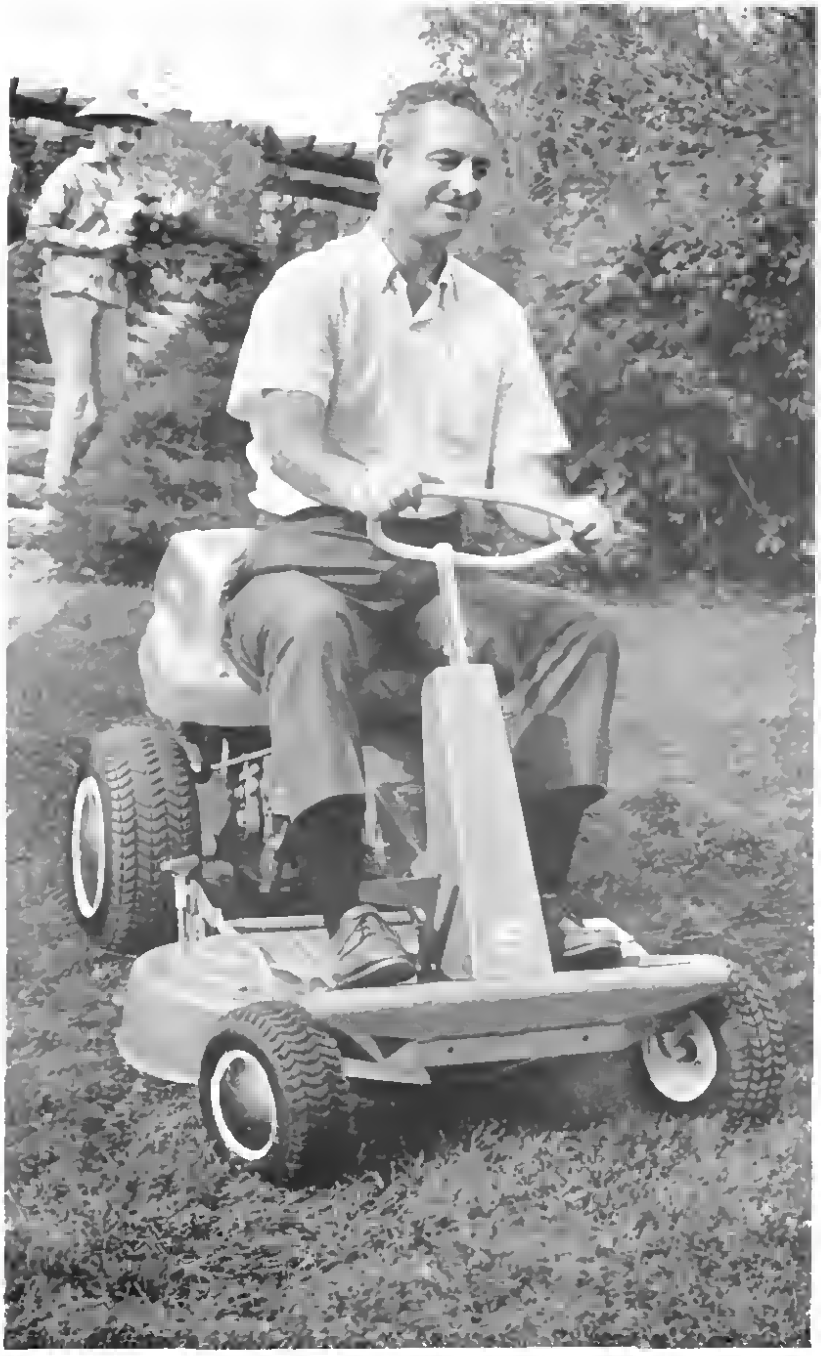
Pure Prides are beautiful to look at, sure. But a tough hide is their stock in trade. They're built with tough polybutadiene rubber and super-strength nylon cord. And the tread just won't be pushed into wearing out as fast as other tires.

Just plain stubborn.



PURE

SEE THE NEW PURE PRIDE TIRE — only at Pure Oil dealers'





Good deal!

New 6 hp Simplicity Super Wonder-Boy Rider turns big lawn mowing jobs into a time-saving breeze. This mower offers features you'd only expect to find in larger, more expensive machines — all-gear transmission and combination brake-clutch . . . wide Floating Traction tires for superior traction, minimum ground pressure . . . foam cushion seat and convenient controls for riding comfort and handling ease. You get famous Simplicity "no scalp" mowing . . . performance you can depend on year after year. Also available: **4 hp Wonder-Boy; 6 hp Broadmoor Tractor; 9 hp Landlord Tractor.** Make yours the Simplicity life this season! Ask your nearby Simplicity dealer to recommend the unit that's exactly right for all your lawn and yard needs.

Good dealer!

Your nearby Simplicity dealer not only handles America's No. 1 line of power lawn and garden equipment, he's actually *part* of the product he sells! If you've ever been burned by "no-service" retailers or "no name" machines built to price alone, you'll doubly appreciate the Simplicity "good dealer" — proud to stand behind his product, anxious to see that you get *all* the performance built into it! Low down payment and budget terms available.

DO IT WITH Simplicity

Simplicity Manufacturing Company • 6549 Spring Street, Port Washington, Wisconsin

DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 86 PROOF IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE U S A FOR W A TAYLOR & CO., N Y

PROTEST



AGAINST



THE RISING TIDE OF CONFORMITY



Serve Booth's House of Lords, the non-conformist gin from England.

Then declare yourself. Get a laminated copy of our poster's message. Ready to frame, hang or stand. Send request (and one dollar to cover the usual) to "Protest," Dept. B, P.O. Box 74, Lindenhurst, New York. Offer good only where legal.





YESTERDAY

Aviation itself was young when Kitty Stinson took to the air as a stunt pilot and pioneer night skywriter who outdared the men as

The High-flying Schoolgirl

by WILLIAM F. NOLAN

On a clear winter evening in 1915 a long, curved flash of fire appeared in the night sky over Los Angeles and an airplane's engine throbbed faintly in the darkness. Any plane was a sensation then, and people crowded the streets to watch as two more 300-foot fire trails were scrawled across the blackness. The letters C A L (for California) were spelled brilliantly over the city.

The skywriter was Katherine Stinson the first flyer to skywrite at night. (There are, of course, other claimants to the distinction.) The trick was brought off by tying magnesium flares to the wings of her plane and maneuvering to form the letters.

Kitty Stinson had been night-flying since 1913, when she practiced landings and takeoffs from a small private field, using the dim headlights of a friend's automobile to lead her in. Sometimes she made landings with only the flickering light of bonfires to guide her. Later she rigged a pair of auto headlights on her primitive craft.

But most of Kitty's daredevil stunts (she was the first woman ever to loop a plane) were performed in full daylight, and eager fair promoters sometimes gave her a minimum of $5,000 for a single afternoon's performance.

As a child in Canton, Miss., Kitty had wanted to study music, but her family could not afford to pay for her lessons. In 1912, while still in her teens, she read an article on aviation and forgot all about music. She left home, headed for a flying school in Chicago. In the summer of that same year she made her first solo.

Kitty borrowed enough money to purchase a Wright Model "pusher" aircraft, with its front-mounted pilot's seat completely exposed to wind and weather. She flew the Wright and at a cowboy fair in Cheyenne, Wyo., convinced herself that she could become a stunt flyer. She went to see Promoter William H. Pickens and asked him to hire her for his Flying Circus.

"Here she was," Pickens later recalled in the language natural to a promoter, "a little slip of a thing, with big brown eyes, a soft southern drawl and pink ribbons on her curls. She didn't look a day over 16."

Pickens ballyhooed Kitty as "The Schoolgirl Who Outflies the Men," and in newspapers she was sometimes called the Queen of the Sky. Gaudy posters flooded out to county fairgrounds across the nation.

The tiny, smiling flyer was an instant

continued

Dickies
CASUALWEAR FOR CAMPUS TIGERS
Going Places!



Dickies
ULTRA SLIM TRIMTAB SLACKS
Here's that famous fit in a traditional version with the "Ultra-Smooth" look, thanks to "DACRON"®.

Slacks shown are 65% Dacron* Polyester, 35% Combed Cotton.

*DuPont Reg. Trade Mark

©1965 WILLIAMSON-DICKIE MFG. CO.
Fort Worth, Texas



One day you'll say, "He's his own man now." And you'll know the way was not easily found.

Of one thing you can be sure. He'll need all the education he can get—college, certainly, possibly even graduate school.

But there's a problem. Colleges are crowded and enrollments are growing. More classrooms, laboratories, libraries, good teachers will be needed.

These take money. So, give to the college of your choice now and help make certain college will be ready when he is.

Enrich his future . . . and America's.

COLLEGE IS AMERICA'S BEST FRIEND

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council and the Council for Financial Aid to Education

hit with fairgoers. When stunt king Lincoln Beachey plunged to his death in San Francisco Bay early in 1915, Kitty bought the Gnome rotary engine that had powered his ill-fated Taube and installed it in a plane of her own design.

She was a skillful mechanic as well as a daredevil. Early in her career she was taking engines apart and redesigning them. She eventually built and modified all of her own planes. (Her brother, Eddie Stinson, later became equally famous as a pilot-designer in his own right, and the Stinson plane bears his name.)

In 1917, Kitty made an exhibition tour of the Orient. In May of 1918, flying nonstop from Chicago to Binghamton, N.Y., she set new official distance and endurance records, having covered 783 miles in 10 hours.

Kitty's reputation for fearlessness was enhanced by highly publicized stunt runs at Ascot Speedway and Sheepshead Bay, where she shared the spotlight with Barney Oldfield, Ralph DePalma and other speed greats of the era.

She flew the first airmail route in western Canada and during World War I established a training school for Allied flyers in San Antonio.

With U.S. entry into World War I, Kitty requested permission to pilot a combat plane against the enemy. When she was refused permission she headed for Paris and took over a Red Cross ambulance.

But her violent, dangerous years came to a close when she contracted tuberculosis in France and was sent back to the States for treatment. She was close to death for many months in a New York sanitarium, then slowly rallied.

Several years in New Mexico restored her health, and in 1927 she married an ex-World War I aviator, Miguel Otero. Their home is in Santa Fe, N. Mex., where Kitty, now in her late 60s, likes to contrast the freedom of early flight with the crowded present.

"In the early days," she once said, "it was fun to fly. You could soar over rooftops and trees, or drop down to meet a passing train and wave at the engineer. The whole sky belonged to you. Now there are so many regulations. The sky is crowded. All the fun is gone."

Established in the pioneering age of Wright and Curtiss, the family name of Stinson earned its place in the history of commercial aviation. A schoolgirl who traded music for flight saw to that. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—LOS ANGELES settled the Western pro playoff with a 117–115 victory over Baltimore in the sixth game. Despite being held to five points in the first quarter by the Bullets' Wally Jones, Jerry West scored 42 points, giving him a fancy total of 278 for the series. In the sixth game of the Eastern series Philadelphia drew even with the Celtics with a 112–106 win, but two nights later BOSTON, in a 110–109 thriller, took the Eastern playoff 4 games to 3. With the Celtics leading 110–107 and five seconds remaining, Wilt Chamberlain got an easy layup, making it 110–109. Boston seemed secure until, on the throw-in from out of bounds, Bill Russell's toss hit a wire supporting the basket and the 76ers got the ball out of bounds. Hal Greer threw in, aiming for Chet Walker, 30 feet away, but Boston's John Havlicek raced in (*page 30*), slapped the ball down, and the Celtics were headed downcourt when the buzzer sounded. When BOSTON met Los Angeles in the first game of the final playoff, K. C. Jones held Jerry West to a six-point first half, and the Celtics set a team scoring record for the playoffs, winning 142–110.

GOLF—BOBBY NICHOLS, with an 11-under-par 273 for 72 holes, survived a seven-under-par final round by Chi Chi Rodriguez to win the $75,000 Houston Golf Classic. Rodriguez and Bruce Devlin tied for second with 274s.

HARNESS RACING—Bill Haughton drove SMOKE CLOUD ($15.10) of New Zealand to a neck victory over favored Meadow Skipper in the $100,000 International Pace at Yonkers Raceway.

HOCKEY—MONTREAL and CHICAGO, second and third in the regular-season standings, won the semifinal rounds of the NHL's Stanley Cup playoffs. The Black Hawks defeated pennant-winning Detroit 4 games to 3. Their most decisive victory was a 4–0 shutout in the sixth game on a second-period goal by Ken Wharram and three goals in the last eight minutes by Phil Esposito, Stan Mikita and Bill Hay. In the deciding game Mikita broke a 2–2 third-period tie, and Eric Nesterenko added another goal five minutes later for a 4–2 Chicago win. In losing, Detroit became the fourth league champion in the last five years to be knocked out of the playoffs in the opening round. Montreal eliminated fourth-place Toronto 4 games to 2 when Claude Provost scored at 16:33 of the first overtime period of the sixth game to break a 3–3 tie. These preliminaries over, Montreal started strong in the cup finals with a 3–2 win over Chicago on home ice. After a scoreless first period, three goals were scored in less than three minutes of the second by Henri Richard and John Ferguson for the Canadiens and Bobby Hull for the Black Hawks. Matt Ravlich evened the score at 2–2 early in the third period. Then, although shorthanded due to a penalty, the Canadiens' Yvan Cournoyer scored the deciding goal after a skillful series of passes with 11:41 remaining.

HORSE RACING—Scoring a major upset in a field of Kentucky Derby eligibles, Isidor Bieber's FLAG RAISER ($17), ridden by Bob Ussery, led all the way to win the 1 1/8-mile, $92,650 Wood Memorial at Aqueduct by a neck (*page 87*). Hail to All came from far behind to place. Bold Lad, the 1-to-2 favorite and winter-book Derby choice, had no stretch kick and finished third.

BUGLER ($15.60) of Darby Dan Farm beat heavily favored Lucky Debonair, a Derby hopeful, by a neck in the mud at Keeneland to win the seven-furlong $10,000 Forerunner Purse.

Fifth place was the best any of the six Kentucky Derby contenders could do in the $71,150 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields as William duPont Jr.'s PERFECT SKY ($22.20), running his first stakes race, won by 1¼ lengths over Terry's Secret. Favored Nashareo was third.

A three-horse entry trained by Hirsch Jacobs, AFFECTIONATELY ($3.40), Treachery and Petticoat, finished 1-2-3 in the $27,850 Distaff Handicap at Aqueduct, the first such sweep there since the 1924 Astoria Stakes, in which Harry Payne Whitney's Maud Muller, Mother Goose and Swinging finished in that order.

TENNIS—U.S. Davis Cup expectations got a boost when DENNIS RALSTON defeated the world's No. 1 player, *Wimbledon Champion Roy* Emerson of Australia 6–3, 2–6, 6–3 in the finals of the San Antonio Country Club Invitational tournament. Ralston paired with CHUCK McKINLEY to beat Emerson and Fred Stolle, the top Australian team, 6–4, 4–6, 7–5, for the doubles title.

TRACK & FIELD—In a triangular meet in Waco, Texas, RANDY MATSON, Texas A&M's sophomore world record shotputter, threw the discus 201 feet 5½ inches, better than eight feet over the NCAA record of 193 feet 4 inches set last year by Bill Neville of Occidental. The discus sailed past the marked target area, over a broad-jump pit and onto the cinder track. In the same meet he put the 16-pound shot 67 feet 3/4 inch. Only six men have ever broken 200 feet with the discus, and only one of them, Jay Silvester, ever made 60 feet with the shot.

The UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI distance medley relay team and the OKLAHOMA STATE two-mile relay team set meet records of 9:47.3 and 7:21.2, respectively, at the Kansas Relays in Lawrence, Kan. New Mexico's CLARENCE ROBINSON broad jumped 26 feet 2½ inches and triple-jumped 50 feet 6½ inches, BILL FLOERKE of Kansas State threw the javelin 266 feet 5½ inches and RANDY MATSON put the shot 65 feet 10 3/4 inches for four more Relays records. With wins in six events and a total of 7,008 points, PHIL MULKEY of Birmingham took the meet decathlon for the seventh time in 10 years. Other stars were GEORGE SCOTT, an Australian who runs for Oklahoma City University, winner of the 5,000 meters in 14:58.4 and the mile in 4:08.9, and JIM RYUN of Wichita's East High, who set a Relays prep record of 4:04.8 in the mile and anchored his school's two-mile relay team to a 7:42.9 clocking, a national prep school record.

MORIO SHIGEMATSU, one of a Japanese team of five, won the Boston Athletic Association Marathon in a record time of 2:16:33. His teammates took four of the next five places. Last year's winner, Aurele Vandendriessche of Belgium, was fourth.

WRESTLING—RUSS CAMILLERI of the San Francisco Olympic Club won in the 171.5-pound division and was named outstanding wrestler of the National AAU Freestyle championships in San Francisco. The MULTNOMAH ATHLETIC CLUB of Portland, Ore. clinched the team championship, and LARRY KRISTOFF, a heavyweight from the Chicagoland Wrestling Club, took fast-fall honors by pinning Jim Skelton of the 12th Naval District in 11 seconds. The other titlists were RAY SANCHEZ of Cheyenne, Wyo., 114.5; OICK SANDERS of the Multnomah AC, 125.5; CHIKARA MURANO of the New York AC, 138.5; JIM BURKE of the Olympic Club, 154; WAYNE BAUGHMAN of the Air Force, 191.5; JERRY CONINE of the Multnomah AC, 213.5; and Kristoff in the heavyweight division.

MILEPOSTS—CLEARED: BEN O'MEARA, the nation's leading trainer-rider of open jumpers, by Judge John Kurtz of Chester, Pa., of charges of cruelty to his horses at the Devon (Pa.) Horse Show last spring (SI, June 15, 1964).

HIRED: As head basketball coach at Holy Cross to replace retiring Frank Oftring, JOHN OONOHUE, for four years coach at New York City's Power Memorial High. At Power Donohue coached the country's most coveted high school player, 7-foot Lew Alcindor, who at last report had not decided where to play college ball.

HIRED: BEN AGAJANIAN, former kicking star of the New York Giants, to serve as commissioner of the Western States Football League. This is a semipro circuit centered in southern California and now negotiating with the NFL and AFL for a working agreement under which the WSFL would obtain taxi-squad members.

SIGNED: As a free agent by the Chicago Bears, 198-pound BRIAN PICCOLO of Wake Forest, the nation's leading college ground-gainer and scorer last year with 1,044 yards rushing and 17 touchdowns. Piccolo was ignored in the player draft.

TRADED: By the Green Bay Packers, Linebacker DAN CURRIE, their No. 1 draft choice in 1958, to the Los Angeles Rams in a straight player deal for Split End CARROLL DALE.

CREDITS

24, 25—Ian Bottarman. 27, 28—James Drake. 32—Carl Iwasaki. 37—Jack Shandy & George Long. 52, 56—Garry Cronhom. 71—Virginia Kraft. 87—Herb Scharfman; 96—Al Francekavich. 117—The Seattle Times.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PETER CARTER finished five seasons as starting goalie for the Milton (Mass.) Academy hockey team with a total of 1,541 saves in 74 games. Besides captaining the track team, Carter, an honor student, qualified for the Eastern Junior Ski Championships.



PAM NELSON, 13, of Seattle took seven firsts and three seconds at the Spring Horse Show in Woodinville, Wash. In each of her four years of competition (1961-1964) she held the state title for her age group in hunt seat equitation, and in 1964, the junior hunter title.



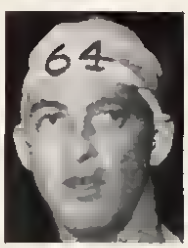
L. C. BOWEN, a senior forward, led Benton Harbor (Mich.) High's basketball team to the Class A state title for the second straight year by scoring 487 regular-season points. He made 62% of his field goal attempts and 80% of his free throws for a 30.4 average in 16 games.



JEFF PARKER, a 6-foot-6 junior attack man on the University of North Carolina lacrosse team, scored 20 goals in his first four games this season, including seven in a 12–9 loss to Virginia and six in a 14–2 win over Hartwick College of Oneonta, N.Y.



LARRY RYBICKI, a Marine corporal at Beaufort, S.C., became the first enlisted man and the second man in the Corps to complete the Commandant's Master of Fitness tests—10 grueling time-limit events in less than 90 days, capped by a three-mile run in combat gear.



DAVE SMITH entered the San Francisco Olympic Club pool at 6 a.m. on a Friday, swam 2,142 laps, got out at 6 the next morning with a new swimming endurance record. A few hours later he won an 18-hole medley-play golf match in the city championships.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HOOPLA

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Wilt Chamberlain and Bob Ottum should all be commended for such a timely and worthwhile article (*My Life in a Bush League*, April 12). Sports fans everywhere should be genuinely interested in the straightforward manner in which Chamberlain has spoken of himself and the National Basketball Association.

As an avid reader of any story concerning the "Big Dipper," I can safely say we have not seen a previous article that has shown more profoundly the side of Chamberlain that is really little known to the public in general.

SHORTY MELANCHUK

Detroit

Sirs:

It doesn't surprise me to find that Wilt Chamberlain can talk. He has been either pouting or flaming with conceit ever since he got into the league. However, the most bush aspect of the NBA is Wilt Chamberlain himself, who is potentially the greatest player ever. What could reflect a less professional attitude than taking a week off in the middle of the season to look after outside business interests? What could be more hypocritical than calling the league bush because some owners knocked him and then on the next page knocking his own coach? Fortunately, intelligent, dignified men with keen competitive pride, like Bill Russell, are more characteristic of the league than pompous, self-centered "bushers" like Wilt Chamberlain.

MARK WOLF

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

Wilt Chamberlain calls the NBA a bush league because rival owners, coaches and players criticize each other in print. Yet what could possibly be more bush than for Chamberlain himself publicly to ridicule the coach for whom he was at that very moment playing in the NBA championships?

It is interesting to note that both Neil Johnston and Dolph Schayes, past and present coaches whom Wilt finds fault with, were two of the finest competitors the game has ever known. With far fewer natural gifts than Wilt, they did as players what Wilt has never done in college or the NBA—lead their teams to titles.

THOMAS N LONGSTRETH

Lutherville, Md.

Sirs:

So Wilt is again considering retiring, since he is at the top of the game of basketball. Am I wrong in thinking Bill Russell has again won the MVP award, for the fourth time in the last five years? Wilt challenges Sonny Liston for the heavyweight boxing title of the world, but it becomes evident to the reader that he is actually challenging Cassius Clay as to which one is the bigger braggart.

LLOYD CARMICHAEL

Belmont, Mass.

Sirs:

I think that this article has revealed the true Wilt. Not only has he disclosed some interesting sidelights to his own world, but he has also spoken up on the critical issues concerning basketball today.

DAVID SNYDMAN

Williamstown, Mass.

Sirs:

The title should be *I Love Wilt Chamberlain* by Wilt Chamberlain.

J. DONATELLI

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

Three cheers for Chamberlain! It is high time that somebody exposed the decline of basketball from a sport to a business. Boxing is a foreshadowing of what business can do to a sport. Maybe if Wilt did quit others would see the light and clean house in the ranks.

Chamberlain's play has given the fans a greater thrill than they realize. His awesome talent has proved a stimulant in every game he plays. Fans who boo a player like Wilt are a disgrace to basketball and do not know what real basketball is.

CHRIS MORRIS

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

Man, people just expect too much of a giant. Wilt, baby, I'm with you.

ELLIOT HOLIN

Davis, Calif.

HOME IN A DOME

Sirs:

As a Met fan I sat down with a beer eager to read about Houston's new domed stadium (*Giltfinger's Golden Dome*, April 12). It is important for me to know how the Mets will react to this new park. After all, 10th place in the National League is at stake. What was worrying me was: Will Joe Christopher have any more trouble than usual finding the ball once it was hit in the air? I wanted to know about Gonder's chances of hitting a home run. What are the foul lines, the dimensions and the factor of no wind resistance? But no. I'm denied this vital information to be told about a scoreboard that goes "tilt" when the Mets hit a home run.

I'm extremely grateful that Miss Smith informed me who would be attending the opening game and what they would be wearing. And knowing what colors the seats are painted is extremely valuable. But is this a ball park or a fashion salon? I'll take Shea Stadium, the good old Mets and plain old-fashioned seats.

DON BIRMINGHAM

Los Angeles

Sirs:

I had hoped to find a mention of Atlanta's new $18-million stadium as well. How many other cities have built a beautiful, 52,000-seat stadium for baseball (57,000 for football) in an unbelievable 51 weeks?

Many said that it would be a big mistake for the Milwaukee Braves to head toward Atlanta in 1966. It is true that we only drew 106,000 fans for a three-game exhibition series between the Braves and the Detroit Tigers. But that isn't too bad when you consider that the Masters drew approximately 100,000 golf fans at Augusta National during the same weekend, and that the Atlanta International Raceway pulled in another 50,700 fans on Sunday for the Atlanta 500.

The Astrodome cost $19 million more than the "Home of the Braves," but our outfielders certainly will not have to worry about endangering their lives while going after routine fly balls.

As Mel Allen, our Atlanta Braves radio and TV announcer would say, "How about that—you all!"

DAVE FRANCO

Atlanta

● For a look at Atlanta, see page 24. —ED.

Sirs:

In her article on Giltfinger's Golden Dome, Liz Smith has reiterated that erroneous impression that has circulated since the Dome was built. Her statement calling the Astrodome the first self-enclosed, completely air-conditioned sports arena ever created is false. The Atlantic City Convention Hall has seen the confinement of traditionally outdoor sports for more than 30 years. Back in the '30s (even before Willis Carrier made his "far-sighted" prediction), Convention Hall was the site of football, softball and dog racing. There have even been golfing exhibitions in the Hall. This past summer it was completely air-conditioned, and in

continued

VERY BIG OFF THE TEE



VERY STRAIGHT TO THE STICK

Pour on the power like a tournament pro with new Wilson K-28 woods! These bold, beautiful woods with exclusive Strata Bloc® construction bring out all the power in your swing—and all the envy in your foursome. You walk a little farther to your next shot with Wilson K-28® woods.

Drill the ball straight to the heart of the green with new Wilson K-28 irons! They're built so you can tailor a shot to hit the green just a tap-in from the pin. And they're as beautifully balanced as a string of pars. See them at your sporting goods dealer's today. Tell him you want to play it straight with K-28.

WILSON K-28

December a shirtsleeves crowd watched the Liberty Bowl here. It's true that Convention Hall was not created primarily for sporting events, nor was it as expensive or spectacular as the Dome, but the fact remains that it was the first indoor stadium. Retain the other adjectives concerning the Texas showplace, but please omit the word "first."

JONATHAN FOX

Ventnor, N.J.

PUSHBUTTON PUGS

Sirs:

Edwin Shrake's article on the Pastrano-Torres fight was most interesting and scientific (*Liver Trouble and High Living*, April 12) except where he talked about D'Amato's "calling" the KO punch. Come now, has Cus perfected his first pushbutton pugilist?

To say this was far-fetched would be putting it most mildly. To land an effective punch to the liver would not be less than 50 to 1 odds, Cus D'Amato's apparatus notwithstanding.

If Torres was capable of this "instant delivery" isn't it logical that his knowing manager, Cus, could have ended it in less than one round, by chanting one-two, one-two, until Willie folded? Neither can I buy "throwing five punches in $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds." Any experienced students of boxing would tell you that it may be possible within one second, but $\frac{2}{5}$—now come on.

HENRY J. LEDOUX

Baton Rouge

Sirs:

I am dismayed at José Torres' attitude. Already he has challenged heavyweights and middleweights, practically ignoring the division he now rules. Among the light heavyweights are: Harold Johnson, Eddie Cotton, Gregorio Peralta and, last of all but certainly the most logical, Willie Pastrano. If the new champ can win these, he may challenge anyone he wants.

PETER SALGO

The Bronx

BIG HOCKEY

Sirs:

Many thanks for Jack Olsen's article on the expansion of the National Hockey League (*Private Game: No Admittance!* April 12). Expansion is certain to come because hockey, like any other business, cannot forever ignore the continuing growth of the North American continent in population, wealth and leisure time.

Spectators are more interested in keen competition than in the quality of the play. The Boston Garden has been sold out for college hockey. If the owners are worried about weak teams with little spectator appeal they need only surrender some of their better players, not merely the marginal ones. They can have a balanced league if they are prepared to be generous.

JOHN R. PACKARD

Lexington, Mass.

Sirs:

Why should the hockey fans of the six NHL cities and of all Canada be subjected to an inferior product for the sake of a relatively few others who wish to have major league hockey? The New York Mets draw well in baseball. The Los Angeles Mets would not in hockey.

JAMES HAZZARD

Sarnia, Ont.

Sirs:

My only criticism is directed at Olsen's thinly veiled displeasure with the collaboration of sports and capitalism. He puts words such as "revenue" in italics, suggesting that no sports fan should use such words in mixed company or within earshot of children under the age of 16. As long as we in America accept the principle that sports (and most other forms of enterprise) are best operated by private individuals, then we must be prepared to accept these (leave the room, children) profit-motivated entrepreneurs.

Clearly, if we want our professional sports operated by a group of Albert Schweitzer-like businessmen whose sole interest is to bring the greatest amount of sports pleasure to the greatest number of individuals and "damn the profits," then we must be prepared to subsidize sports with government grants, private donations or reverse foreign aid. Are we prepared to pay that price?

RICHARD V. PHILLIPS

Waterville, Me.

MARKED CARD

Sirs:

Contrary to Tom Brody's fine article on Ed Spiezio (*Please, Please, Ed Spiezio, Won't You Please Pop Up?* April 12), Spiezio did not sign a bonus contract after being voted most valuable player of the 1962 NAIA college tournament.

Spiezio came into the tournament with a .441 season batting average and hit a rousing .368 in the tourney against the best collegiate pitching in the country. He hit the tournament's first home run and wound up making the all-tourney team as well as small college All-America. It is my understanding that he received countless bonus offers, but elected instead to finish college.

Spiezio hit a more astonishing .491 the following year, and, in addition, his 114 total bases and the same number of at bats gave him the slugging average of 1.000. He came into the national tournament a marked man, managed but one hit in three games, but still made the All-America a second time.

ALLAN H. LOWENBERG

St. Joseph, Mo.

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020

Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Larsen; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Stillman; President, James A. Linen; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, Rhett Austell, Edgar R. Baker, Clay Buckhout, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Hardy, Henry Luce III, Ralph D. Paine Jr., Weston C. Pullen Jr., James R. Shepley, Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, John F. Harvey; Assistant Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messinger; Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis; Assistant Treasurer, Evan S. Ingels; Assistant Treasurer, Richard B. McKeough.

Sports Illustrated

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label to insure prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.
Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr.

TO SUBSCRIBE
mail this form with your payment,
check one
☐ new subscription. ☐ renew my subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. $7.50.
All other subscriptions, 1 yr. $10.00.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS
attach label here
If you're moving please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name

address

city state zipcode

Is there a plot to overthrow British gin?



Yes.

A small band of martini drinkers have had the courage to stubbornly defy tradition and take up an American gin.

They huddle in bars and whisper their orders for Calvert Gin martinis.

Surely, they have a cause to be proud of.

Calvert Gin is made with choice botanicals, as fine as any the British can lay their hands on.

We use only fresh, hand-cut lime peel to achieve a crisp, subtle flavor.

And we put our gin through extra distilling steps until it's 100% dry. Drier than anything the British can produce.

In certain circles, it's still considered rather dangerous to be seen drinking an American gin.

But lately our sales have increased.

The plot thickens.

DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN 90 PROOF CALVERT DIST CO., N Y C





Viceroy is specifically designed to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. Not too strong... not too light...Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

© 1965, BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION B&W The Mark of Quality in Tobacco Products